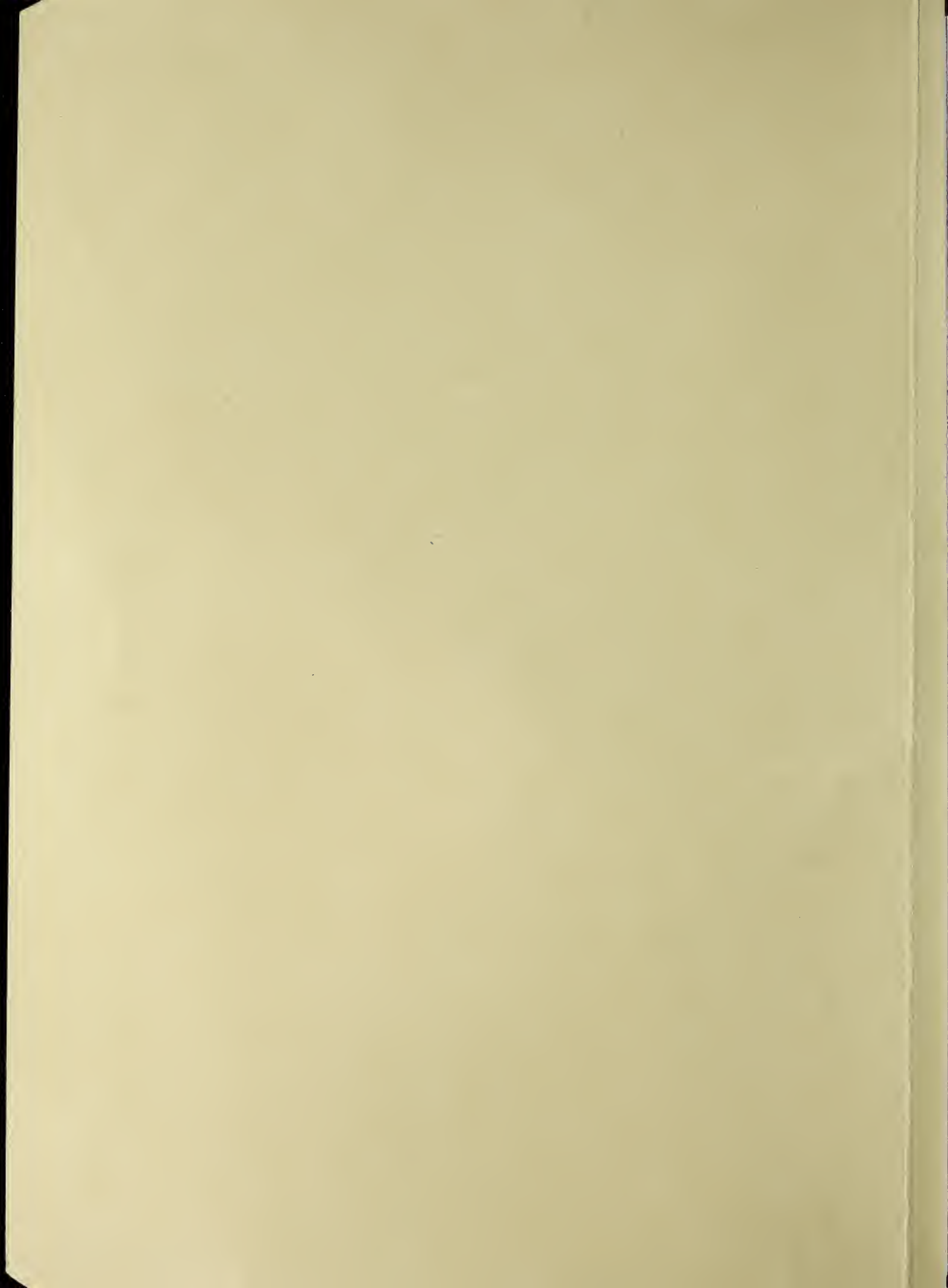


ANONYMOUS POETS - 1

DRAWER 28

POETS

71.2009 025.05450



Lincoln Poetry

Anonymous Poets (1)

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

CITY NOTICES.

THROUGH BALTIMORE.

When Lincoln went to Washington,
His Presidential garb to don,
He went well guarded, aft and fore,
Safe and unharmed "through Baltimore."
And later still in sixty-one,
'Twas thought before the war begun,
That Federal troops, as heretofore,
Could safely go "through Baltimore."
That city, famed for bloody jobs,
For murders, monuments and mobs,
Disloyal proved; its rowdies swore
No troops should go "through Baltimore."
But Massachusetts's gallant ones,
Of Revolution's sires the sons,
A valiant band on sea or shore,
They fought their way "through Baltimore."
Like them be brave when duty calls,
And dine in *Wilson's Lane*, at *HALL's*.
No matter where you've dined before,
You then can go "through Baltimore."

Anon.

A CAPITAL IDEA

"'Tis odd," quoth Will (a
doubting chap)

Miscellaneous Items.

A CAPITAL IDEA.

" 'Tis odd," quoth Will (a doubting chap.)
" Our Abe should don a Scotchman's cap."
" Not so," cries Jack—" 'tis plain to see
He reckoned thus to 'scape—' *scott free* ' "

THE CAUSE OF DISGUISE.

" A cap of plaid—what curious gear,"
Says Tom. " 'Tis plain he felt some fear."
" Fear!" echoes Abe—" I felt like showing
No kind of *check* could stop my going!"
—N. Y. *Sunday Times*.

Allen + Lang
3/7/41

Pegleg Jones.

I knew a man named Pegleg Jones,
He voted for Abe Lincoln ;
And when this war broke out he said
There musn't be no blinking.

Load your guns and squint your eyes,
Finger on your triggers ;
Hang the "rebels" up sky-high,
Emancipate th niggers.

He said the Union we must save,
If it made creation holler ;
And that the President should have
Every man and every dollar.

He joined the Union League, and bought
A flag for his son David,
And prayed that in the other world
No Democrats be say-ed.

He said the war was just, and should
Be pushed with vim and vigor,
And any man agin the war
Was meaner than a nigger.

And yet this Pegleg Jones would stay
Among his pigs and cattle,
While other men took up their guns
And marched away to battle.

But when the draft was made in town,
Poor Pegleg he got drafted ;
And when we told the patriot cuss,
It scared him almost half dead.

Then Pegleg went right off and sold
To Smith, of Pedunk Holler,
One horse, eight steers, ten Durham cows,
And got three hundred dollars.

And then he paid the Marshal off,
But said it was not right, sir,
That such good patriot-folks as he
Should either pay or fight, sir.

And this same man, named Pegleg Jones,
He voted for Abe Lincoln ;
And when this war broke out, he said
There musn't be no blinking.

Load your guns and squint your eyes,
Finger on your triggers ;
Hang the "rebels" all sky high,
Emancipate the niggers.

See Pa Observer Dec 186

[From the World.

Rhymes for the Times.

AFTER "MOTHER GOOSE."

DICKORY.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
Old Abe wound up the clock;
The clock struck ten
For Mac and Pen,
Abe tumbled with the shock.

FREMONT.

Diddle, diddle dumpling, Fremont John
Thought to get to Washington ;
Off the track before he was on,
Diddle, diddle dumpling, *Exit* John.

A SONG OF GREENBACKS.

Sing a song of greenbacks,
A pocket full of straw ;
Four and twenty millions—
Flung away in war ;
When the war was opened—
The notes began to fly ;
Warn't that a dainty sight
For such poor chaps as I ?
Chase was in the Treasury—
Counting out the money ;
Lincoln in the White House,
Was eating bread and honey ;
McClellan on the battle field,
Was following our foes—
There came along a black bird
And nipped off his nose.

BLACK SHEEP.

Baa ! baa ! Lincoln, have you any wool ?
Yes, marry, have I, many heads full ;
None for the master, none for the dame,
All for Columby to have and maintain.

ATLANTA.

Hark ! hark ! the war dogs bark !
The Yankees have come to town ;
Some with flags, but none in rags—
And one with a hero's crown.

ONE, TWO.

One, two,	Eleven, twelve,
Abe won't do,	Must Lincoln shelve ;
Three, four,	Thirteen, fourteen,
Any more ;	Victory courting ;
Five, six,	Fifteen, sixteen,
We're in a fix,	Fortune fixed in ;
Seven, eight,	Seventeen, eighteen,
Beyond debate ;	For this we're waiting,
Nine, ten,	Nineteen, twenty,
Mac and Pen.	Peace and Plenty.

THE MODERN MAN OF THESSALY.

There was a man of Illinois,
Who wasn't wondrous wise ;
He jumped into a civil war,
And blinded both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were shut,
With all his fun and farce—
He plunged the deeper in the war—
And "went it blind"—of course !

Oct 1864

See Pa Observer. Dec. 186

A new poet has arisen, and made his appearance before the world, in the Gallopis (Ohio) *Dispatch*. The subject of his inspiration is the colored person, whom he addresses in the following heroic style:

O thou Woolly Hedded counterband of War!
Of this war! Spect U git a plenty toe eat,
Ever Seed—of thee i sing.

* * * * *
U look slick, and fat,
And shiny! Spect U git a plenty toe eat,
Ad 2 wear, and awl thatts good
Besides, konsarn your black
Woolly sole, while me,
And awl the Ballance uv
The pore soldjors,
Li out o' nites in the Rain, and sno,
And kold winds,
A gittin of kast turn krackers 2 Eat,
And Nun 2 Menny of them At That,
With spilte Bakin meet,
And Wurmy Beans, not mourn
Nor 1/2 kooked when the
Kooks gits Drunk,
And thatts poorty oftin toe.

* * * * *
I say old nigger,
Jist U try awl this, and
Moar 2 that I haint gott
Time 2 mention and if
U dont say thatt awl
The pvide, and Pomp,
And sirkumstance, ov
Whats kalled glory us war,
Is awl in the i, and the
Biggest kind of a Hum Bugg,
And kaw! the Poick, who gott off
The abuv kwotashin, a deceevir,
And jist writ it, becaws he wanted
Two ade sum recrewtin offy sir
Two rekroot a kumpenny for 3 years,
Or a dewrin of the war,
Then, kall me a Lyre.

Free Pa Observer Jan 186-

Unfurled is the flag of our nation,
The roll of the drum calls to arms;
Each patriot oow to his station,
For this is the hour of alarm—
No stranger our soil is invading,
But dark is the mutinous crew,
Who boldly their treason parading,
Would strike down the red, white and blue.
CHORUS—Would strike down the red, white and blue,
Would strike down the red, white and blue,
Who boldly their treason parading,
Would strike down the red, white and blue.

Oh! look from the turbulent ocean,
Across to the far, "peaceful sea,"
The people aroused are in motion,
And strong is the arm of the free;
Inspired with the patriot's devotion,
The Democrats, faithful and true,
Are rallying for Woodward and Lowrie,
Who stand for the red white and blue.
CHORUS—Who stand by the red, white and blue,
Who stand by the red, white and blue,
Are rallying for Woodward and Lowrie,
Who stand by the red, white and blue.

Then gather, ye cohorts of treason,
Our phalanx will close for the shock—
Our paoply—freedom and reason,
We stand like the surt-beaten rock,
One heart and one hand for the Union;
For conflict and victory too;
Our leaders are Woodward and Lowrie,
Our flag is the red, white and blue.
CHORUS—Our flag is the red, white and blue,
Our flag is the red, white and blue,
Our leaders are Woodward and Lowrie,
Our flag is the red, white and blue.

The era of peace is before us!
Though darkly the tempest still lowers;
Kind Providence yet watches o'er us,
And triumph will surely be ours;
We'll stand by our loved Constitution
In spite of the rail-splitting crew;
Hurrah, then, for Woodward and Lowrie,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS—Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
Hurrah, then, for Woodward and Lowrie,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

Free Observer Pa Jan. 186-

The Brave Boys in Blue.

We come from the hill and the mountain
To stand by the flag of the free,
As rivers that roll from the fountain,
And swell on their way to the sea;
From forges where hammers are ringing
The vows of the brave and the true;
For Clymer, we all gather singing,
Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue.

CHORUS.

Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!
Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!
For Clymer we all gather singing,
Three cheers for the Brave Boys in Blue!

We come from the plain and the valley,
From furnace, and foundry, and mine,
And round our bold leader we rally,
While "fighting it out on this line;"
Our banner we will not surrender,
But here our devotions renew,
For Clymer, the Union defender,
The choice of the Brave Boys in Blue!

CHORUS.—The choice of the Brave, etc.

Free Pa Observer - Jan 186-

FREEDOM'S MARTYR.

Across the heights of future time,
To all true men of every clime
One name will swell—a sound sublime

Our children, 'neath a prosperous sun,
Peace, Law and Right, all blent in one,
Will own his glorious mission done;

Will say, "True hearts, speak out who can!
There rose a cry, God shaped His plan;
He ruled events, He sent the man.

"A man who held the Nation's trust;
Pure gold, where much was dross and rust.
No tears above his honored dust!

"Our heart this shining memory wears
To bliss-like, deep, unspoken prayers
To make us strong 'midst daily cares.

"He said to every slave, 'Go free!
To God—no other—bend the knee;
His glorious bidding speaks through me!"

"No selfish thought, no blinding pride;
His vision clear, his soul stood wide
To God, and all the world beside!"

Triumphant will their voices ring:

"Glad tribute to his truth we bring!
Speak, men, his praise! ye poets, sing!"

Ah, me! with trembling voice instead,
With sorrowing hearts, with drooping head,
We cry, "Our Martyr Friend is dead!" F.

FUNERAL HYMN,

*Sung at the Eliot Church, Newton Corner, April 19,
1865.*

Father of love and power,
In this distressing hour
Hear thou our cry;
Thy sovereign will we own,
Now from thy lofty throne
O hear us, Holy One;
Bend from on high.

We bow in deepest grief;
O grant us quick relief,
Thy comforts bring;
We turn our weeping eyes
To thee above the skies;
Pity our broken sighs,
Great God our king.

We mourn the good and great,
Struck from the Chair of State
By traitor hand;
Loudly his blood doth cry
To God beyond the sky,
That justice, throned on high,
May purge our land.

O God, our fathers' God,
Their hope on land and flood,
Now be our guide.
Our country ever be
The home of liberty,
And let thy mercy free,
With us abide.

THE SILENT PILGRIM.

A silent Pilgrim tarries here
 On his way to the west—
 Only tarries for a night and a day,
 On his slow and winding way,
 To his home in the west—
 To his tomb in the west!

He has fill'd a noble sphere:

And how well—
 All our people love to tell,
 As all nations soon shall tell,
 And all future ages tell,
 That he fill'd it passing well!
 Yes, he fill'd our highest place
 With a glory, with a grace,
 With a gentleness and love
 Our highest praise above:
 So calm through all the strife,
 Not counting dear his life,

Warring only, from the first, with a heart that
 yearned for peace—

'Till he saw the Slave's release!

Then God call'd his name,

And seal'd up his fame,

And his own release came!

So let him rest!

In our Hall of Independence—let him rest:
 In the circle of our Fathers—let him rest:
 In the midst of moaning cannon—let him rest:
 In the midst of sobbing bells—let him rest:
 In the midst of falling tears—let him rest:
 Overshaded by our mourning—let him rest,
 With fresh flowers upon his breast:

Our Martyr Guest!

For a night, for a day,
 On his slow and winding way
 To his welcome in the west:
 To his home in the west:
 To his tomb—in the west—

Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary
 are at rest! 4 - 26 - 65

IN MEMORIAM.

There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring,
And a song of regret from the bird on its wing;
There's a pall on the sunshine and over the flowers,
And a shadow of graves on these spirits of ours;
For a star hath gone out from the night of our sky,
On whose brightness we gazed as the war-cloud rolled by;
So tranquil and steady and clear were its beams,
That they fell like a vision of peace on our dreams.

A heart that we knew had been true to our weal,
And a hand that was steadily guiding the wheel;
A name never tarnished by falsehood or wrong,
That had dwelt in our hearts like a soul-stirring song;
Ah! that pure, noble spirit has gone to its rest,
And the true hand lies nerveless and cold on his breast;
But the name and the memory—*these* never will die,
But grow brighter and dearer as ages go by.

Yet the tears of a nation fall over the dead,
Such tears as a nation before never shed,
For our cherished one fell by a dastardly hand,
A martyr to truth and the cause of the land;
And a sorrow has surged, like the waves to the shore
When the breath of the tempest is sweeping them o'er;
And the heads of the lofty and lowly have bowed,
As the shaft of the lightning sped out from the cloud.

Not gathered, like Washington, home to his rest,
When the sun of his life was far down in the West;
But stricken from earth in the midst of his years,
With the Canaan in view, of his prayers and his tears.
And the people, whose hearts in the wilderness failed,
Sometimes, when the stars of their promise had paled,
Now, stand by his side on the mount of his fame,
And yield him their hearts in a grateful acclaim.

Yet there on the mountain, our Leader must die,
With the fair land of promise spread out to his eye;
His work is accomplished, and what he has done
Will stand as a monument under the sun;
And his name, reaching down through the ages of time,
Will still through the years of eternity shine—
Like a star, sailing on through the depths of the blue,
On whose brightness we gaze every evening anew.

His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,
Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
He is lifted far over the discords of time.

Then bear him home gently, great son of the West—
Mid her fair blooming prairies lay Lincoln to rest;
From the nation who loved him, she takes to her trust,
And will tenderly garner the consecrate dust.
A Mecca his grave to the people shall be,
And a shrine evermore for the hearts of the free.

Anonymous

Lincoln

"Sic temper tyrannis,
the assassin cried"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*" the assassin cried,
As Lincoln fell. O villain! who than he
More lived to set both slave and tyrant free?
Or, so enrapt with plans of freedom, died
That even thy treacherous deed shall glance aside,
And do the dead man's will by land and sea;
Win bloodless battles and make that to be
Which to his living mandate was denied.
Peace to that gentle heart! the peace he sought
For all mankind, nor for it dies in vain,
Rest to the uncrowned king, who, tolling, brought
His bleeding country through that dreadful reign;
Who, living, earn'd a world's revering thought,
And, dying, leaves his name without a stain,
[English paper. 5/11/65]

THE VISION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

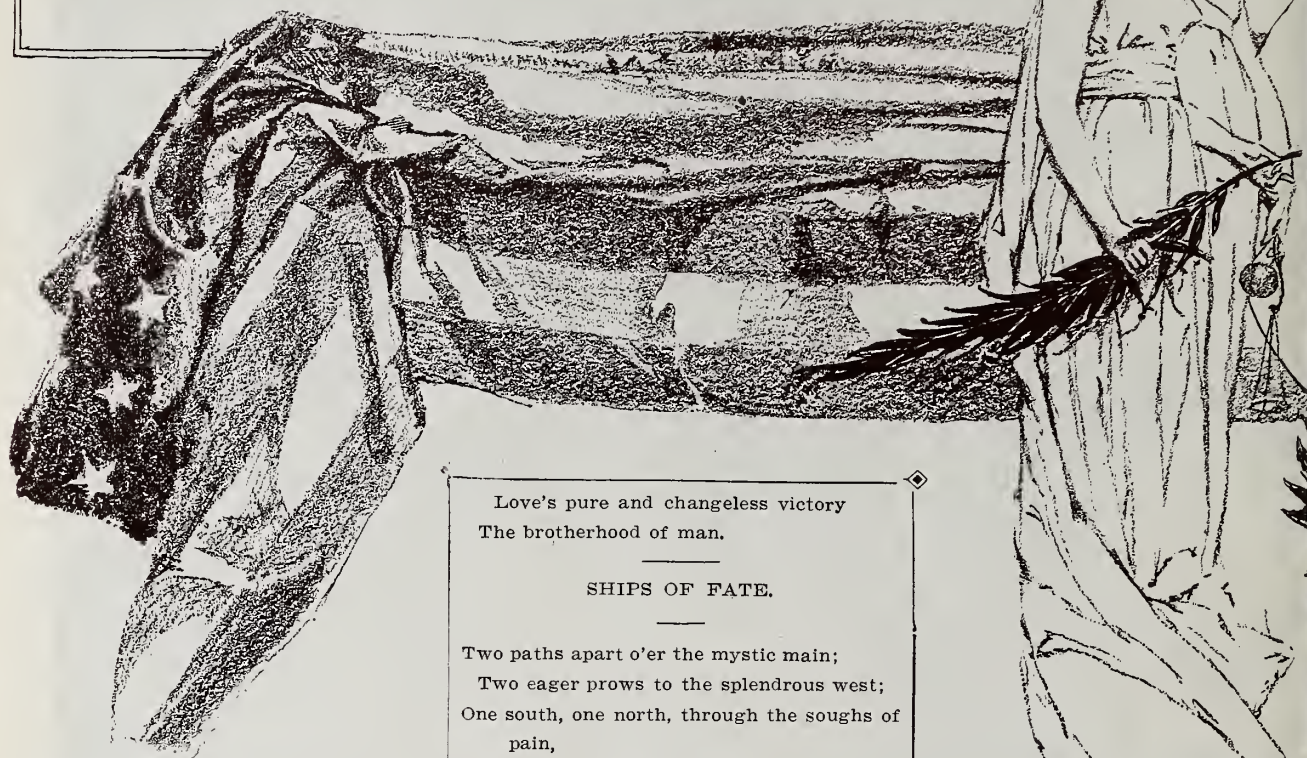
APRIL 14, 1865.*

DREAMING, he woke, our martyr President,
And still the vision lingered in his mind
(Problem at once and prophecy combined)—
A flying bark with all her canvas bent—
Joy-bringing herald of some great event,
Oft when the wavering scale of war inclined
To Freedom's side; now how to be divined
Uncertain, since Rebellion's force was spent.
So, of the omen heedful, as of Fate,
Lincoln with curious eye the horizon scanned:
At morn, with hopes of port and peace elate;
At night, like Palinurus—in his hand
The broken tiller of the Ship of State—
Flung on the margin of the Promised Land.

* "At the cabinet meeting held the morning of the assassination. . . . General Grant was present, and during a lull in the conversation the President turned to him and asked if he had heard from General Sherman. General Grant replied that he had not, but was in hourly expectation of receiving dispatches from him announcing the surrender of Johnston. 'Well,' said the President, 'you will hear very soon now, and the news will be important. . . . I had a dream last night, and ever since the war began I have invariably had the same dream before any important military event occurred. . . . It is in your line, too, Mr. Welles. The dream is that I saw a ship sailing very rapidly.'—Carpenter's *"Six Months at the White House."*

Harper's Weekly, Apr. 1865

ABRAHAM



To "Abraham Lincoln," as already announced, was awarded the prize of \$1,000 offered by the HERALD for the best epic poem based upon some episode in American history since the beginning of the Revolution. This poem was chosen from among its many competitors because, in the opinion of the judges, it most adequately fulfilled the conditions of the offer and treated a dignified theme with the heroic feeling of the epic.

INVOCATION.

Of one great ship that sailed the sea
And weathered the infuriate blast;
Of one great pilot that stood fast
And brought her into lee,

I sing; and singing seek to use
Thy founts of song, as they of yore
Sought and found service in thy store,
O immemorial Muse!

The Grecian bard drew forth from thence
His linkèd lakes of centuried song,
The mirrors to the likeness strong
Of earth's diviner sense.

The Florentine with screenèd eyes
Caught rich and Beatrician gleam
Of Eunoe's redemptive stream
And dream of Paradise.

Love's pure and changeless victory
The brotherhood of man.

SHIPS OF FATE.

Two paths apart o'er the mystic main;
Two eager prows to the splendrous west;
One south, one north, through the soughs of
pain,
Of life and of death possess.

Above the one from celestial wings
Blew winds of love on the crowded sails;
And fingers used to immortal strings
Held backward the rushing gales.

Below the other a rising sweep
Of forms foam-raimented, raven hands
Forced fiercely through the resentful deep
The sorrow of western lands.

Bright Mayflower cresting the wintry sea,
Immortal emblem of freedom's spring,
The germ of a nation's destiny
To be and to know no king.

Beginning of what has been and is
The soul of a nation's life, that plights
The hope of the future centuries,
The charter of human rights.

Dark Slaver sweeping Virginia's shore;
Sad ebon faces from mast to keel;
Sin's portent of sorrow, the fiery sore
Heart-wise that should only heal

In smoke of battle and streams of blood,
In orphaned cries unto winds and waves,
In tears of precipitate widowhood
Bedewing a million graves.

So stands our hope with its blessings sp
A magna charta inviolate;
The deathless soul of the patriot dead,
The heart of the living state.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

The mists on the mountain peaks

LINCOLN'S MAN.
A True Tale of the
Great Emancipator.

Condemned to death the soldier lay.
No pitying eye his sorrow wept,
Even he for mercy would not pray—
The sentry that on duty slept.

He scarcely marked the hours that passed,
He closed his eyes in sullen pride,
Waiting his doom, until at last
The guard stood gruffly at his side.

"Some one to see you." Well he knew
That face that every mocker limned!
And as it met his startled view
The eyes with sudden pity dimmed.

"Your fault was great, and yet men say
You took a weaker brother's place;
Two nights you watched and marched by day—
The soldier turned away his face.

"And yet you slept, and for that sin
A soldier dies. Have you no plea?"
"A pardon I've no wish to win!
A life disgraced is not for me!"

Then Lincoln stooped and loosed his bands,
And when at length they all were riven
He raised him with a father's hands.
"My boy," he said, "your sin's forgiven."

"I need true soldiers in the fight:
Be thou my soldier from this day!
Go forth and battle for the right
And think of me when in the fray."

On many a fierce and bloody field
That soldier ever sought the van:
Too brave to fear, too proud to yield—
His comrades called him "Lincoln's man."

And once when others turned to fly
He saw the colors stoop and fall—
He seized and flung them to the sky
And gave again the battle call.

But ere they reached him where he fought
The cruel steel had pierced his side,
And as he fell these words they caught:
"Tell Lincoln how his soldier died!"

(Copyright 1901, by American Press Association.)

MEYER

June 21 1900

ABRAHAM

LINCOLN



Love's pure and changeless victory
The brotherhood of man.

SHIPS OF FATE.

Two paths apart o'er the mystic main;
Two eager prowls to the splendid west,
One south, one north, through the roughs of
palm,
Of life and of death possess.

Above the one from celestial wings
Blow winds of love on the crowded sails.
And fingers used to immortal strings
Hold backward the rushing gales.
Below the other a rising sweep
Of forms form-faded, raven hands
Forced fiercely through the resentful deep
The sorrow of western lands.

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Immortal emblem of freedom's spring.
The germ of a nation's destiny
To be and to know no king.

Beginning of what has been and is
The soul of a nation's life, that plights
The hope of the future centuries,
The charter of human rights.

Dark Slaver sweeping Virginia's shore;
Sail cloth faces from mast to keel;
Six's part of sorrow, the fiery sore
Heart-wise that should only beat

In smoke of battle and streams of blood,
In orphaned cries unto white and waves,
In tears of prostrate widowhood
Revolving a nation's graves.



THE HEART OF FREEDOM.

The fragrant meadows of Runnymede
Are fresh as ever, will never cease.

To "Abraham Lincoln," as already an-
nounced, was awarded the prize of \$1,000
offered by the HERALD for the best epic
poem based upon some episode in American
history since the beginning of the Revolution.
This poem was chosen from among its
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INVOCATION.

Of one great ship that sailed the sea
And weathered the infuriate blast;
Of one great pilot that stood fast
And brought her late into
Isling; and singing seek to use
Thy founts of song, as they of yore
Sought and found service in thy store,
O Immortal Muse!

The Greatan bard drew forth from thence
His tankard lute of couched song.
The pilgrims to the thicket's shade
Of earth's divine sense.

The Pilgrimage with sacred eyes
Caught rich and Beatrice's gleam
Of Europe's redemptive stream
And dream of Paradise.

The seer of Horion's dwelling meet
Thy rills beyond the hills of time,
Set ancient sorrow into rhyme
And into music sweet.

The poet of the Holy Grail
Deep-quaffing placed before thy face
The thy-epic of the race,
The quest's supreme avail.

The Cambridge singer o'er the walls
Of custom clomb, and remaining found
The fountain where with rushing sound
The laughing water falls.



"In lowliest spot he breathed
The sweet breath of the earth."

The odors of the murmuring pines,
The music of primeval choirs,
Mountain's green and golden spires,
And Hallow's shrines.
O ancient Muse, but ever young,
Guard of the poet's mystic spring,
Touch heart and tongue that I may sing
Somewhat as they have sung,
One meagre strain of one small song,
Which patriot bard through future years,
O'er ever brightening hemispheres,
Shall rapturously prolong;

Of one great hope since time began,
The dream of every century.

And brandish hoofs of the Puritan's steed
Still crowd on the Cavalier.
The laurel blooms upon Burtal Hill;
The broken tablets are slabs of gold;
And Plymouth Rock in the winter's chill
And Plymouth's shrouded.

The thunder of Concord and Lexington
Rolls on in music that will not be
And one brave venture for freedom done
Immortally records July.

White stars of dawn in a sky of blue,
And hars of glory o'er land and sea,
Shall fleet the emblem the ages through
Of union and liberty.

So stands our hope with its blessings spread,
A magna charta inviolate;
The deathless soul of the patriot dead,
The heart of the living state.

THE LAND OF PROMISE.

The mist on the mountain peaks
Muffled it in the sweet new morn,
The hope of the world is born.
The splendor of the ages speaks
The radiant forehead of time
Responds to his laughing soul;
The summer has reached the goal,
And all things fall into rhyme.
The winds are poets and sing
September back into June;
The radiant stars swoon
All purging toward the spring;
The brutes of battle beat
The litter to changed to sweet,
And Peace struts again to the wheel
And turns it with glowing feet.

The God-given Occident,
The land of the promise,
All lying magnificent
With heavenly legacies,
Held back for the fulness of time,
The dawn of an age sublime,
At last unfolding complete,
A Canaan at chosen feet.

From sea to the marble hills,
From crests of snow to the sea,
A myriad crystal rills
All bathing with potency.
The mountains impatient stand
For magic call of desire;
The voices inviting conspire
For myriad touch of command,
Expulsion of labor's loss
To open their treasures,
Great inner chambers of gold
And vaults of potential heat,
The store of the ages old,
Primeval power's retreat.

Fair land from the sea to the sea
Awaiting the noble to be;
Fulfillment of Liberty's dream;
The value of the people supreme;
The throne of Justice secure;
The rights of man to endure;
The home of the world's oppress,
The earth's great hearthstone of rest;
All barriers broken down,
And every man with a crown;
One union never to fail;
One flag aloft over all.



A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

A fruitful earth 'neath Southern skies,
White fields across the verdant meads.

And o'er the seas increasing rise
The cries of Europe's greening needs.
Wild stretching sweeps of limitless space,
Dark swarms of swarthy forms displayed,
And silver mists to golden glow
Along the thoughtfulness of trade.

From Hatteras to Panama,
And summer shores of Mazatlan,
Unto the copper hills afar
Beyond the bays of Yucatan.

And on o'er Amazonian plain,
Wide vision of a nation's morn;
Through inland trails and tracks of Spain,
One empire to the Southern Horn.

An empire with its elided throne
By flesh and blood enslaved wrought;
An empire with its pillared roof
Or States whose founders had-like fought

To make men free, but failed to trace,
While thus their lifeblood stained the sod,
Within the magic's ebon face
The image of Almighty God;

Whose later legends, holding fast
Their legacies of sophistry,
Preferred the ruler's barbaric post,
Forsook the paths of liberty

To tread quaint revulsive ways,
Blind from the larger trend of things,
Face to the nations' yesterdays,
Hand unto hand again with kings.

This was the dream imperial
That floated upon Southern skies,
And this the empire mystical,
Whose sweeps of pastoral paradise

Should stretch beyond the glided girls
Of union, past the heritage
Of freedom, out apart from earth,
All hallowed by a previous age.

To spread beyond the lines of light,
Where justice shines with whitening flame,
A sphere of power, where might makes right,
Dark islands set in seas of shame.

She bled him that he might know
Somewhat of the world's great woes.

At length in a deathless hour
She kissed him; a heavenly power
Shot forth through her lips of fire
In touch of divine desire.

She bled him that he might know
The grief of truth at his waist;
And over her breast she laid
The shroud of love; the blade
Of right she set in his hand,
And bade him unswerving stand,
As Moses stood with his rod
For freedom and God.

One long, sweet look, and she led
Her hero all pantomimed
On unto the golden door
That opens out into history,
And thrust him from her to be,
With penetrative intent,
A chosen ambassador,
Transfigurer of dream,
The champion of liberty.

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Burst beaming, a splendrous spark
Against the overhelming dark,
It waxed, it whitened, it shone
A blaze in the widening zone
Of dawn, and careful eyes
Read clear in the clearing skies
America's horoscope.
The sign of a nation's hope,
The Star of Sangamon.

Not out of the east, but the west,
A star and a saviour rose;
A light to a people's quest,
A spirit of grace possess
Of faith through a people's woes,
Of wisdom for empire blest.

No accident this nor chance;
But heavenly ordinance
Set him by divine decree
In centuries' fulness of time
For sake of the race to be
The soul of a golden prime.

And down through the variant years
Of thralldom's darkness and tears
God's measureless love for humanity
Wrought through the dith of hero-ship,
To fashion at last the counterpart
Of heavenly purpose and heart.

In lowliest spot he breathed
The first sweet breath of the earth,
And life's great parent bequeathed
Fair virgin land from birth
To be his tutor and friend,
His faltering steps to attend.

She led o'er the wooded hills
And through the prairie vale;
Along by the summer's rills,
Abrast of the winter's gales;
Through sweeps of primeval dells
And over the red man's trails.

She taught him the songs of birds,
The sympathy syllabled words
Of water and earth and air,
And pointed the winding star
'Twixt earth and heaven, where climb
The higher forces of time.

She bled him that he might feel
The iron of oppression's heel,
She starved him that he might learn
The hunger of soul that yearns.

At length appeared the end; 'twixt battered
ramparts swept
"Cere configuration; fallen, the standard,
rises again,
Waved from its splintered staff through
smoke and over pain
And vows of soldiers kept.

Too brave to work self-murder, forb from
this defeat

At length appeared the end; 'twixt battered
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The hope of a continent,
God's answer to prayer.



FORT SUMTER.

Above an island fortress toward the eastern
sun
A patriot banner waved, and 'neath it in
array
A noble band stood waiting for the dawn of
day
And Southland's primal gun.

Then slowly flushed the dawn, and on a
sudden burst
Reverberating thunder, and a flaming shell
Rose screaming seaward
And Southland's primal gun.

A moment's silence; then from bastioned
chores of ice
Swift, darting o'er the wide and red-kened
firmament
One hurricane of havoc into dire descent
Of cataclysmal fire.

Guns answered guns till thrice 'twixt morn
and eventide
The battle raged, while the defenders,
weary, stood
To save their country's flag with their
charitable blood,
For which their fathers died.

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C.W. JEFFERYS

CHRISTMAS EVE IN HERALD SQUARE.



SHE BEARS THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN HER HEART.

Within the doors are glow and warmth and mirth and Christmas cheer;
Outside upon the marble steps the wind blows bleak and drear,
Upon those cheerless marble steps the mother craves a rest,
A weight of holly on her arms, of woe within her breast.

Beside her stands a little one with hollow eyes that gaze
Bewildered at the sight of mirth on this her worst of days,
When, lo! the portals open wide, a vision comes in sight,
'Tis little Flossie in her robes of Christmas cheer hidlight.

She holds a casket in her hands, a tear is in her eye
"And have you got no pretty gifts? Has Santa passed you by?
Then take this box, poor little girl, no, don't be 'fraid—because
If Santa Claus has passed you by I'll be your Santa Claus."

And one, a nation's prophet, with sad eyes
after
Beheld, and seeing gazed beyond near space
and time
Into the nation's soul and saw it sweep
sublime
The fiery track of war.



COLUMBIA'S WRATH.

The guns that fired on Sumner's walls
Awoke a nation; far and near
The cries of pain, the bursts of fear
Were burning patriot curls.

Beloved Columbia, wounded sore,
A moment staggered; then her form

Columbia's supreme belief,
A nation's call to arms.

THE NATION'S RESPONSE.

There rang o'er the turbulent land
One sovereign blast of command,
It rolled from sea unto sea,
The summons of liberty.
It broke o'er the mountain hills
And splintered to myriad thrills
Of wakening thunder; it swept
Through valleys and over streams
The militant hordes of dreams
Of troubled millions that slept.
It started all hearts as it went,
Arousing a continent.

The thunderous answer came;
A splendor burst on the night,
The crests of the hills were flame;
The valleys were lines of light;
The winds were voices of trust;
A soul was incarnate in dust.
The frame of the straining earth
Died into its larger birth.
A people leapt to its feet,
Their strength like a giant's breath.

The strains of love into farewell words
And laughter to bitter tears
And over the threshold the mother gave
Her son for a soldier's grave.
And weeping yielded the patriot wife
The heart of her heart for strife,
Despair rolled in through the gates of home,
And hope fled forth to roam.



THE GATHERING OF THE LEGIONS.

Across a continent, east to coast,
Arose a mighty transcendent host,
From sunlit crags and from purpled glens,
From high plateaus and from marshy fens,
From forested dunes and prairie wilds,
From rocky crests of the Great Divide,
From chained lakes and from mystic
mountains
Of gathering waters to forests' bounds,
From vales of Iron and from peaks of gold,
The patriot legions onward rolled;
On toward the hallowed cloist,
Where freedom's guardian spirits dwell;
On toward the lonely side of him
Who stood with face to a spectre arm;
On, on, the myriads swept along,
With cadent tread and with swelling song,
Their eyes to his lifted oft-arms.
"We come, we come, Father Abraham,
Six hundred thousand strong."

THE PLEDGE OF TRIUMPH.

The miracle of modern history,
The struggles of the immortal past
For human liberty,
All quickened into immortality
In one supernal sapient forecast
Of dimless victory.

One nation of the centuries alone,
One rhythm that never thrilled the world be-
fore,

Yoke from the people's throne,
All vibrant with the mighty undertone
Of God and cadences for evermore
Of freedom's deathless own.

Firm shall she stand our country through all
time,
All answering to freedom, They who rose
For sake of her sublime

Are pledge that over as the race shall climb
Yet higher, she shall hold the paths that
close
Upon the golden prime.



THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Long lines of steel in the morning.



"Long lines of steel in the morning,
Wide winding columns of blue."

Wide winding columns of blue,
The Saboteur's hush,
The dawn's sweet dust,
Brave hearts all failure scorning,
And fresh as the lightning dew.

High noon o'er the trampled meadows
And Bull Run's crimsoned stream,
Hot shot and shell
And swarthy of hell,
Bold forms in the flaming shadows
Alike to a fiery dream.

Dust-cloaks in the distance rising,
Fresh tide to a turning foe;
Tumultuous flight,

Blood, rapine and night,
A nation's heart aching,
A clime of fear and weep.



THE NIGHT OF SORROW.

The waiting sky grew darker, and the light
Fell back behind its hastening eyelids.
Wide wreaths of tempest stained
Across the summer moon, and from his
height
Imperial one beheld apocalypse
Of travail foretold.
The sky gloomed into midnight, and dismay
Swept surging, and the battle thunders rolled
And winds were fiery breath
Of pain and terror, laden with red spray,
And haggard faces were specters that foretold
A nation's doom and death.

THE VOIL.

And one battle Columbia's prostrate form
Watched in torn vigil from his regnant
height
The nation's gathering woe,
And all his soul rose up against the storm,
And eyes strained forth into the darkening
night
Hoping for dawn to glow.

If e'er a dawn should be, for sad eyes
strained
Fast wastes of graves and hosts once glen-
ing
New crest to victory,
Now crumbling into dust, the green earth
sighed.

With patriot blood and spring succor-
ing
In mighty tragedy.

And as he faced the gloom with lifted eyes
His soul upon a sudden touched with God
Through pulsant lengths of prayer,
And swift a thrill of dawn flashed from the
skies

And seemed enshrining wings and song-shod
feet
Adown the lightning air.

He stood all-marvelling, white his eager soul
Lifted and opened, hearing as it rose
To heights of sacrifice
The wailings of his people onward call
Up to the throne of God, and felt the throes
Of supplication rise.

And caught the whiter, higher echoes
Of centuries' cries of wearied multitudes.

"How long, O Lord, how long?"
Behold yet higher the fierce lightnings
Of judgment, and so further altitudes
Pain-conquered and strong.

Duty, a splendor form against the dark,
Imperious with beaute crown
Of sacred liberty.

A noble soul's restless hierarchy,
With regal hand pointing impassioned down
To paths of victory.

THE NATION'S PROPHECY.

The hour was come and with it rose the man
Ordained of God and fashioned for the hour;
The nation's only soul
For whom wrought ever since the race began
The subtle energies of thought and power
Toward one pre-ordained goal.

A master spirit ever wise and good,
And earth,

That heard above the nation's wailing
choirs
Of heavenly promise sing,
Crowned like the mighty under-son,
Calm like the dawn before the shifting cloud;
Abiding truth and love,
Firm-mounted with a prophet's majesty,
He stood the nation's fiercest life, endowed
With faith and hope sublime.

THE VOICE OF DESTINY.

The hour was come, and in that hour he
stood
Responsive to the sacred voice that spoke
From heaven and earth and sea,
He heard the dusky tolling multitude
Placid and pleading that his hand should
look
Their chains and set them free.

He heard the voice of God from fiery height,
Who for the reason of a nation's sin
Had held her armies back,
Dereced defeat and shame, till she should
right

The wrongs herself had sanctioned and
should win
Justice unto her track.

He saw across the fiery hurricane
His country's armies march to victory,
Till over Sumner's height
The Stars and Stripes triumphant waved
in vain,
Baptized into inviolability,
The sacred sign of right.

He saw the clouds of battle roll away,
The campfires of a nation smouldering,
A million heroes tread
The gleamed pathways of a cherished day,
Back to the gates of home with opening
And fears of welcome spread.

The vision widened and the whitening air
Grew clearer till the fugitive forecast
Of far northern snows,
And earth became a moving thoroughfare
With populous processions divine
Before his prophet throne.

He saw the golden South refashioned rise
Surpassing all her dreams imperial
To greating embrace;
A deeper azure in her bending skies,
Increasing zeal of strength reciprocal
Her freedom's recompense.

He saw the argent North inspired anew
Beneath her holy charism to deeper love

"And myriad properties
Became in one immortal moment—men—"

And girded with the strength of righteous-
ness,
God for her with descending seraphim,
Above the battle's tide,
March on in widening triumph and possess
A continent unto the furthest rim,
With freedom glorified.

THE STROKE OF JUSTICE.

The hour was come, the nation's crucial
hour,
A crisis of the world, a turn of time,
And earth's best hope and dream.

And one undaunted soul, allowed with
power,
Freedom's anointed, rose to height sublime,
Imperial and supreme.

And lifting high o'er groaning multitudes
His sovereign sceptre, smote with such a
stroke

The chains of centuries
That earth was shaken through its latitudes,
That millioned manacles asunder broke,
And myriad properties

Became in one immortal moment—men,
Fire with the free in all the rounded earth,
Redeemed by patriot blood,
To stand with faces to the light again,
Attaining through their resurrection birth
To freedom's brotherhood.

THE DAWN.

The shadows slowly lifted from the sun;
The benighted splendours earthward rolled
Down paths of victory,
A nation's crown'd prophet stood upon
The crest of love and time all aureoled
With immortality.

The shadows slowly lifted, and the earth
Grew kind, for though the blood of heroes
stained
Her fair and sacred face,
Yet Freedom had achieved immortal birth,
And Justice had forever more attained
Her high and rightful place.

THE APOTHEOSIS.

To one superior peak necessitous
He clomb, called by a voice unheard by aught
Save his interior soul,
The Noh of his life, all luminous
With God, and rapt and marvellous caught:
Swift vision of the goal

Of his unwavering faith, the pointed hand
Toward which his feet had led his people on
Through storms of fire and blood;
And gazing saw the breadth of grace ex-
pand

Apocalypse in the golden dawn
Of peace and brotherhood.

For her great heritage,
The sacrifice and sacred revenue
Of service that from hallowed fountains above
Shall flow through every age.

He saw with larger vision further plots:
No North, no South; from sea to mountain
tips

One land, one flag for aye;
And with the blood mixt on embattled fields
Cemented in perpetual fellowship
The nation's blue and gray.

He saw the marble columns 'gainst the sky,
The flowered garlands o'er the mounds of
grief.

The gathered workshoppers
Canning the story that 'tis sweet to die
For freedom, and to win the prize serene
A grateful world confers.

The splendor spread to its meridian prime,
And earth aye one sweet stretch of fruit-
fulness;

He saw the upward march of centuries,
And heard the distant sweeps of gratitude
Rise from the nation's lips
Mixt with descending tales of ecstasies,
The diaphanous of beatitude,
Bursts of apocalypse—

—In the great world there are no accidents;
Enthroned above the ages ebb and flow,
Unseen, misunderstood,
God rules, who in all seasons and events,
Through fiery trial and overwhelming woe
Persever works the good.

Listening to heard the sweet adagio
Of cheering angels, and the morning song
Of perfect liberty.

He was not, for God took him, and he rose,
Caught to the bosom of that merry throng
Who died to make men free,
December, 1865, by John Edgar Brown. All
rights reserved.

"The patriot legions onward rolled."

He saw from zone to zone
The feet of Love upon the heights of time,
The hand of Peace dispensing blessedness
From Freedom's central throne.

He saw the upward march of centuries,
And heard the distant sweeps of gratitude
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For lowering, a mighty storm
Her features gathering o'er.

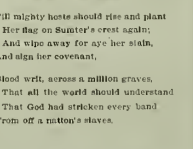
Her flag that waved o'er land and sea
Had fallen while she slept; but now
The cloud upon her bowed brow
Was passionate decree

Of vengeance, and the patriot fire
That burst through strained eyes and lips
Was ominous apocalypse
Of empire swift and dire.

Of empire fire, until the right,
Through dust and blood, should conquer
wrong;
Till clouds should break and freedom's song
Sound o'er the waning night:

The mighty hosts should rise and plant
Her flag on Sumner's crest again;
And wipe away for aye her stain,
And sign her covenant.

Blood wet, across a million graves,
That all the world should understand
That God had stricken every land
From off a nation's slaves.



THE CALL TO ARMS.

Beaute Columbia stood one,
Burst by Holy Liberty,
Defender of her sovereignty,
Her crest and regnant son.

For sake of her, in heart and brain
Her life was his, and wounded, too,
Full well his loyal nation knew
The measure of her pain.

And all his nature rose with hers;
And feeling her imperious nois,
Forgetting not the noble deeds
Of past deliverers.

He took from out his sacred arch
The golden trumpet which he bore,
Blow such a blast as ne'er before
Was heard in that the earth.

A blast that sounded war's alarms,
From north to south, from east to west;

Their soul like the furnace heat,
Their hope like the rising dawn.

And up from the people's soul
A vow went forth unto him:
Enthroned midst the Cherubim,
A promise from pole to pole

As holy as love, as pure
As truth for aye to endure,
That, be it through torturing pain,
Their banner should rise again,

Unfurled upon Sumner's height;
That through their patriot might
And under God's judgment sign
All discord at last should be

O'erwhelmed forever complete
Beneath Columbia's feet.

And thus a people overflowing stood
And offered their blood,
The vales replied to the echoing crags
And flags waved answer to flags.

O'er school and insulating academe
A banner floated supreme.
O'er wharf and harbor, o'er shop and mill
And patriot domicile

O'er bustling mart and thoroughfare,
One standard streamed to the air.
From argent turrets and glittering spires
The pinnacles of sainted stars

Were signs of a storial faith that wore
Its regnant robes as of yore.
The stream, that chargers of turbulent trade,
Affect through meadow and glade,

Were freighted for freedom, and flashing
flow
Ablaze with the red, white and blue.

And vows were written again and again,
Till earth was a manuscript
Illuminated with patriot vow
In triplicate glory dyed.

The plow was left in the furrow field
For sake of a larger yield.
The iron lay cold in the smouldering flame
Because of a higher aim.

The rattling shuttle, the whirling loom
Were hushed at the cannon's boom.
And over the land the market's hum
Gave place to the rite and drum.

The workers tramped for the shop and mill
Assembled to a warlike drill.
The poet deserted his golden song
To join the armed throng

The sculptor forsook his half-carved stone
At sound of the bugle blown.
Each town and hamlet became a spring
That poured forth patriot streams.

And every home became an offering
Surpassing the wildest dream.
Of thro' and soul with heart and hand
To battle for freedom's land.

The plowshares sprang into shining
swords,
And pruning-hooks into spears.

Anon

OH! 'TIS ABRAHAM LINCOLN - Marching Song

"He was born in a log
cabin"

OH! 'TIS ABRAHAM LINCOLN
MARCHING SONG
YOUNG MEN'S



LINCOLN CLUB
OF FIVE POINTS
NEW YORK CITY

I.

He was born in a log cabin,
Was born in a log cabin,
Was born in a log cabin,
And he's good enough for me!

CHORUS:

Oh! 'tis Abraham Lincoln,
'tis Abraham Lincoln,
'tis Abraham Lincoln,
And he's good enough for me!

II.

He was true and kind and honest,
Was true and kind and honest.

III.

How he loved the common people,
He loved the common people.

IV.

And he lived and died for freedom,
He lived and died for freedom.

V.

And his name shall live for ever,
His name shall live for ever.

(Copyright 1908 by Young Men's Lincoln Club)

LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON

(February 12 and 22)

ONE forged the links that welded fast
The nation's fame that it might last
Forever and a day;
The other with his might and main
Did rivet it when rent and twain—
His name will live for aye!

Hail, Washington and Lincoln, hail!
Your glory shall not fade nor fail,
The Stars and Stripes shall wave
Resplendent o'er our crags and shores,
Majestic as the eagle soars—
Triumphant o'er the grave. —Sel.

ALTERNATING CURRENTS.

Charles F. Woodworth

LINCOLN



I.

We strive in narrow, selfish ways
 To win advancement or have praise,
 To gain rewards, to hear applause,
 To be accounted great or wise;
 We make convenience a cause,
 And ever look with watchful eyes
 For that approval, right or wrong,
 Accorded by the noisy throng
 To them that have the wit to see
 Which way the crowds intend to fare,
 And brazenly pretend to be
 The God-sent, glorious leaders there.

II.

He saw with vision true and clear,
 And, crushing doubt and scorning fear,
 Advanced, with conscience as his guide;
 Discerning where the course was laid,
 He waited not for wind or tide,
 Nor for the mob's approval stayed;
 A giant where weak pygmies rose
 To jeer and clamor and oppose,
 He pressed with godlike earnestness
 And an unconquerable soul
 Through hellish hate and bloody stress,
 To die a martyr at the goal.

III.

We worry over little cares,
 We mutter foolish, selfish prayers,
 And think that God will deign to heed;
 We scheme to keep our brothers back,
 We long to dazzle or to lead,
 And sigh for riches that we lack;
 We covet honors and are proud
 To win the favors of the crowd
 That for a little while has time
 To cheer us where we strut, to let
 Us fancy we have grown sublime,
 And then is ready to forget.

IV.

We read the sad appeal that lies
 Within his kindly, sunken eyes
 And learn a little of his lore;
 We mark the lines upon his brow
 And dimly see how much he bore,
 And in our weakness wonder how;
 We gaze upon the sculptured face,
 And all the patient sorrows trace;
 We search for vanity, for pride,
 That, human-like, he might have claimed,
 Then thrust our little cares aside,
 And turn away, and are ashamed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[From the verses on Lincoln in Punch of May
6, 1865.]

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's
bier,

You, who, with mocking pencil wont to
trace

Broad, for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his fur-
rowed face.

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt,
bristling hair,

His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease.
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please.

You, whose smart pen backed up the pen-
cil's laugh,

Judging each step as though the way were
plain;

Reckless, so it could point its paragraph,
Of chief's perplexity or people's pain.

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding
sheet

The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear
anew,

Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurril jester, is there room for you?

Yes, he had lived to shame me, from my
sneer,

To lame my pencil and confute my pen—
To make me own this hind of Princes peer,
This rail splitter, as true born King of
men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue;
Noting how to occasion's height he rose
How his quaint wit made home truth seem
more true,

How, ironlike, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful he could be;
How in good fortune and in ill the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and
hand—

As one who knows, where there's a task
to do,

Man's honest will must heaven's good
grace command.

* * * * *
So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it; four long suffering
years'

Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to
cheers,

The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering
mood;

Till, as he came on light from darkling days
And seemed to touch the goal from where
he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger
prest—

And those perplexed and patient eyes were
dim,

Those gaunt, long laboring limbs were
laid to rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift
eclipse

To thoughts of peace on earth, good will
to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat
high,

Sad life, cut short just as its triumph
came.

Feb 1865

Anon

ABRAHAM AND MARY LINCOLN

"This is the way I
carried my axe"

ACTION SONG—ABRAHAM AND MARY LINCOLN.

(Air—The Mulberry Bush.)

Botu.

This is the way I carried my axe,
So very straight, so very straight,
This is the way I carried my axe
In the good days long ago.
This is the way I carried my axe,
I split the rails, I split the rails,
This is the way I split the rails,
In the good days long ago.

This is the way we used to dance,
So very slow, so very slow,
This is the way we used to dance,
The minuet, you know,
Oh, many happy hours we spent,
In tripping so, just to and fro,
Oh, many happy hours we spent,
In the good days long ago.

New Mexico Pub School 1909-1910

LINCOLN.

(For the smallest boys.)

(All—Waving tiny flags in left hands.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will wave his flag for Lincoln
As proudly as he can.

(Tossing caps with right hands.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will give three cheers for Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

(Flags held high in left hands, caps low in right, all looking up at flag.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will grow to be like Lincoln
As quickly as he can.

—Primary Education.

WE TALKED OF LINCOLN.

We talked of Abraham Lincoln in the night,
Ten fur-coat men on North Saskatchewan's plain
(Pure zero cold, and all the prairie white),
Englishman, Scotchman, Scandinavian, Dane,
Two Irish, four Canadians,—all for gain
Of food and raiment, children, parents, wives,
Living the hardest life that Man survives,
And secret proud because it was so hard
Exploring, camping, axing, faring lean.
Month in and out no creature had we seen
Except our burdened dogs, gaunt foxes gray,
Hard-feathered grouse that shot would seldom slay,
Slinking coyotes, plummy-trailing owls,
Stark Indians warm in rabbit-blanket cowl,
And, still as shadows in their deep-tracked yard,
The dun, vague moose we startled from our way.

We talked of Abram Lincoln in the night
Around our fire of tamarack crackling fierce,
Yet dim, like moon and stars, in that vast light
Boreal, bannery, shifting quick to pierce
Ethereal blanks of Space with falchion streams
Transfigured wondrous into quivering beams
From Forms enormous marching through the sky
To dissolution and new majesty.
And speech was low around our bivouac fire,
Since in our inmost heart of hearts there grew
The sense of mortal feebleness, to see
Those silent miracles of Might on high
Seemingly done for only such as we
In sign how nearer Death and Doom we drew,
While in the ancient tribal-soul we knew
Our old hard-faring Father Vikings' dreams
Of Odin at Valhalla's open door,
Where they might see the Battle-father's face
Glowing at last, when Life and Toil were o'er,
Were they but stanch-enduring in their place.

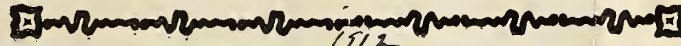
We talked of Abraham Lincoln in the night—
Oh sweet and strange to hear the hard-hand men
Old-Abeing him, like half the world of yore
In years when Grant's and Lee's young soldiers bore
Rifle and steel, and proved that heroes live
Where folks their lives to Labor mostly give.
And strange and sweet to hear their voices call
Him "Father Abraham," though no man of all
Was born within the Nation of his birth.



... L I N C O L N ...

This is the master man, whose gentleness
Was power, tempered to the moments need;
Who loved all good and hated only greed,
Treason and wrong and all things that oppress.
How great his burden was no man may guess,
Nor how that heart of hearts was wont to bleed
Beneath the barbs he did not seem to heed,

{ Yet something does this homely face confess.
Something of agony and hidden pain
And strength that bore and hid them through the years
Of sorrow for the wounded and the slain
And war with all its wake of wrath and tears.
See here a man, in simple garments drest,
Yet in the world's great court the kingliest.



1712

Anonymous

A Boys Thought of Lincoln

"Some days in school when the teacher says,"

Boy's Thought of Lincoln.
Some days in school when teacher says,
"Jim, name the presidents," I up and com-
mence
And say them all from Washington clear
through Buchanan; then
I have to stop and clear my throat. I al-
ways have to when
I come to Abraham Lincoln's name
E'en though the teacher whispers:
"Shame!
Can't you remember, Jim?"
Can't I remember him?
Why, he's my hero! That is why
I get choked up and want to cry.
Once he was just as poor as I
And homely, too, and tall and shy,
And he was brave and made his place--
Climbed to the top and freed a race.
When I think what he dared to do 2/7/12
I just vow I'll do something too.

Rec'd 2/11/12 2nd. Highland School

Anon.

WHEN I THINK OF LINCOLN

"Sometimes when I'm trying to
study,"

When I Think of Lincoln

Sometimes when I'm trying to study,
I stop a moment and think,
As I look at my books and papers,
My pencils, pens, and ink,
Of a boy who liked to study,
Who worked by the firelight's glow,
Doing his sums on a shovel—
His name, I am sure, you know.
When I think of the miles he would walk
For the sake of one book to read,
And then think how many books I have
I feel very rich, indeed.
Perhaps I may not be famous, but I'll
Try to be brave and true,
And do the very best I can—just as
He used to do.

—Selected.

Wisc. Union Review Day Aug 1913

WHEN I THINK OF LINCOLN

Sometimes when I'm trying to study,
I stop a moment and think,
As I look at my books and papers,
My pencils, pens, and ink,

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Try to be brave and true,
And do the very best I can—just as
He used to do.

—Selected.

Nebraska Union Day Paper Aug 1913

Anon.

THE NAME OF LINCOLN

"There's a name that brings
a picture"

LINCOLN DAY

63

THE NAME OF LINCOLN

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a man great souled and grand;
One whose deeds on history's pages,
Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture,
Of a time when blood was shed,
When the boom of cannon sounded
And the star of war was red.

There's a name that brings a picture,
Of a shackled race set free,
Brought from out the ban of bondage
To the joys of liberty.

'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln
Calls these pictures from the past,
And that name with the Immortals
Shall endure while earth shall last.

Wahuska Special Day Program Aug 1913

A KING

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And the kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who, brave and stern,
His armies to victory led.
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the firelight by.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was—in his heart."

Nebraska Special Day Programs
Aug. 1913

LINCOLN DAY

69

LINCOLN

(Flag Song for Little Boys.)

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will wave his flag for Lincoln,
As proudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will give three cheers for Lincoln
And loudly as he can.

We're very little soldiers,
Yet every little man
Will grow to be like Lincoln,
As quickly as he can.

—Primary Education.

Nelasha Lincoln Day Program Aug. 1913

Song

(Tune: Hold the Fort)

O'er our land to-day is ringing
Praise of Lincoln's name;
Youthful voices gladly singing
Lincoln's deathless fame.

CHORUS

Yes, we love the name of Lincoln,
Lincoln good and true,
Under God, he saved the nation,
Saved for me, for you.

He had sworn to do his duty
Trusting God and right
And our flag, in all its beauty,
Saved from foeman's spite.

CHORUS

Guard, O Lord, our flag and country
Make us true to Thee;
Let us be, like noble Lincoln,
All for Liberty!

—Nebraska Special Day Program

Nebr. Special Day Program - 1916.

N.Y. TRIBUNE, FEB. 25, 1862

Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, with how grave a mien
Our Age peers back along the shadowy
years.

Through all our joys, our triumphs, and
our tears

Like some high granite mountain looms
your lean

Rough visage. All the sorrows that have
been,

All smiles, all kindnesses, all hopes, all
fears

Abide therein. Your bony hand still
steers

Your Old Republic, though the wind whips
keen.

Yours was a soul that must have walked
of old

With John in Patmos. Yours was an arm
to weld

A sundered people into unity, though wild
Hate clamored from the housetops; but
you held

Your hand out to a widow, and your mild,
Shrewd eyes went out to meet a little
child.

Anonymous

Abraham Lincoln

"Born in a hovel, trained in
Hardship's school -"

Education, December, 1919.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in a hovel, trained in Hardship's school,
He rose sublime, a conqueror over all.
His life of labor, thought and burden-bearing
Brought forth his kingly qualities of soul.
Upon his lofty brow he wore those crowns
Which only come with suffering and toil,
The crowns of wisdom, strength and Godlike love,
For all mankind, both enemies and friends.
His spirit still is with us in our need;
His work goes on increasing thro' all time.

Abraham Lincoln and
the Little Girl

A little girl with hair in curl,
And hat set very straight,
And neatly dressed, all cleaned and
pressed,
Was watching at the gate,
Looking up and down the street,
Tapping with impatient feet.

Her trunk beside her, packed and tied,
Was waiting for the van,
Train time drew near, oh, dear, oh,
dear,

Where was that baggage man?
Then some one bent above her head;
"You are in trouble," some one said.

Hope dawned in her; "A party, sir,
At my Grandmother's home.
Do you know how trunks can go
When baggage men don't come?"
His smile was tender as a kiss;
"They sometimes go," he said, "like
this."

So kind and gay he led the way,
The trunk he carried high,
"I understand," he shook her hand,
A twinkle in his eye,
"These grandmothers must have their
due."

Then as he disappeared from view,
"Lincoln!" she heard, one whispered
word,

How much that one word meant!
What awe, what pride! her friend, her
guide

Was the great President.

the Science monitor 2-12-10

*Written at the Tomb of
Lincoln*

Here idle lies behind this gate,
Where little children and the
great

Forget-me-nots and laurel lay,
All the useless, hallowed clay
Of Lincoln, in his lonely state.

A spirit, vast, compassionate,
Unfaltering in a world of hate
Of little men who rage when
they

Hear idle lies.

Lord, how we silly humans prate
Of life's inconsequential date,
An epoch passes while we
pray,

An epic sung while asses bray;
A god went by that we, too late,
Here idolize!

—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kansas City Journal

2-12-22

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Though lowly born, the seal of God
Was in that rugged face;
Still from the lowly Nazareths come
The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days,
"Malice toward none, with love for all,"
Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke through
The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress trod alone;
How stands he forth an uncrowned king,
A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save,
Bow down, renew to-day thy vows
Beside his martyr gravel

Halifax, B. I. C. 1922.

Anonymous

To a Picture of Lincoln

"There's the face of one
I love --"

To a Picture of Lincoln

There's the face of one I love
Hanging on the pictured wall;
See the mild and gentle look
Gazing calmly at us all.

His the action great and wise,
His the duty always done;
Best example is his life,
Noble name of Lincoln.

Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.
February, 1923.

Another man, just forty, born at St. Paul,
has put the gist of Lincoln's life into a few
lines (from his poem, "The
Lincoln Child"):

"And lo, as he grew ugly, gaunt,
And gnarled his way into a
man,
What wisdom came to feed his
want,
What worlds came near to
let him scan!
And as he fathomed through and through
Our dark and sorry human scheme,
He knew what Shakespeare never knew,
What Dante never dared to dream—
That men are one
Beneath the sun,
And before God are equal souls—
This truth was his,
And this it is
That round him such a glory rolls—
For not alone he knew it as a truth
He made it of his blood and of his brain
He crowned it on the day when piteous
Booth
Sent a whole land to weeping with world-
pain—
When a black cloud blotted the sun
And men stopped in the streets to sob,
To think old Abe was dead." ^{148 Beacon Boston}
The Wellspring 6 2/10/23

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*Hew to the Line, let the
quips fall where they may. 2-12-23*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.Alone? *Chicago Tribune*

In wilderness of lofty, virgin trees,
That swayed to every gentle prairie breeze
Above his cabin home.

A lone, pathetic figure of the age,
Poring o'er oft-read, crumpled page
By feeble candle light—by moonlit hour—
Sowing the seeds of truth that grew to power!
Alone—that awkward boy, misunderstood?
No, not alone—for by his side, those early years,
His Mother stood!

Alone?

Holding in trust his warring Country's fate,
While merciless rebuke and sullen hate
Upon his head was spent.
Burdened by cares, unnumbered and unknown,
Sorrowed by losses, touchingly his own;
Grieved by the narrowness of minds so small
They could not see the Brotherhood of all!
Alone—that saddened man—that power for good?
No, not alone—for by his side, those darkest hours,
His Maker stood!

Alone?

Within the tomb of everlasting sleep,
Where lullabies of wind and river sweep
Above his quiet rest,
While life goes on—resistless as the sea—
Sweeping the years aside eternally.
Yet once we pause, and leave our tears, our mirth,
To keep again with him—his day of birth!
Alone—that martyred dead, with folded hands?
No, not alone—beside thee—millions strong—
A Nation stands!

ABE LINCOLN

Not much for looks, so bony, lank, and lean,
Ungainly too, and clumsy-like, and green
Perhaps, in worldly ways; so tall and slim,
It took six feet and four to measure him.
A giant? Yes, in master mind and heart,
A child in tenderness, a freak in art.
Not much for handsome, no redeeming points,
Just made of crooked bones and wobbly joints
Creation used in making worn-out jokes;
The odds and ends that's left of handsome folks
Was his make-up; the architect, it seems,
Might not have carried art to such extremes.
But handsome is as handsome does, and grace
Is oftentimes hid behind a homely face,
As this lank figure, clad in homespun dress,
Was ever handsome in its homeliness.
With heavy-laden heart he swapped his jokes
And stood as one among the common folks,
And man dare not deny that God can place
A mighty soul behind a homely face.

1913

Abraham Lincoln

(Recitation: "The Little Baby")

In the woods, in a little cabin
 Built of logs and clay,
 With a queer stick-chimney outside,
 A baby was born one day.

And the mother bending o'er him,
 As she rocked his cradle slowly,
 Never dreamed that a future President
 Lay in that cradle lowly.

Never dreamed that little Abraham
 Would one day speak so well
 That people would crowd to hear him,
 And like his stories to tell.

He lived to be great and honored,
 To do many a noble deed,
 And serve his country nobly
 In her time of need.

—Selected.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Recitation: "The Little Baby.")

In the woods, in a little cabin
 Built of logs and clay,
 With a queer stick-chimney outside,
 A baby was born one day.

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He lived to be great and honored,
 To do many a noble deed,
 And serve his country nobly
 In her time of need.

—Selected.

Selected by Special Day Program

Aug 1923

Linsey-woolsey and Satin Hose

Lace and satin and powdered hair,
But under the silken garb somewhere
The common heart and the common touch—
Why, lace and satin don't mean so much.
Yes, folks or gentry, howe'er we're dressed,
Put any man to a manly test
And many a Washington you'll find.
Whatever the rank or what the kind.

Linsey-woolsey and feet left bare,
No lace nor satin nor powdered hair,
But under the homespun roughly made
The brotherhood of the unafraid.
Yes, folk or gentry, what craft or creed,
Let the country call, let the nation need,
And many a Lincoln you will find,
Whatever the rank, or what the kind.

Linsey-woolsey and satin hose,
Men never are quite what men suppose,
The rich are rich in common things,
The lowly soul has an eagle's wings.
Yes, folks or gentry, we're kith and kin,
However we're dressed, we're the same within,
And let but a danger dark the skies,
And our Washingtons and our Lincolns rise.

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Unemployed Printer - who anxiously awaits said "rising."

The Evangelical-Messenger

February 7, 1925.

The Children

Abraham Lincoln

*Eternal as the rocks and hills,
Which mark the face of our fair land
His memory still abides and thrills
The heart of each American.*

*His awkward form and lovely face
Stand out amid the wrecks of time,
Touched with a new and heavenly grace,
A rugged glory all divine.*

*Hail him, the Great Heart of our Land!
He holds the title high and clear;
Hail him, the first American!*

Lincoln, our only title Peer! —Selected.

A LINE O' TYPE OR TWO

*How to the Linc, let the
quips fall where they may.*

71 52

HIS OLD HOME TOWN.

DOWN in Springfield
They have discovered
Abraham Lincoln.
There are diagrams and
illustrated maps in the hotels in
Bright colors
Showing the route
From any part of town
To the Lincoln homestead
And on the telephone posts
Are signs reading
To the Lincoln homestead
And a hand points the way
It didn't use to be like that
Years ago in Springfield
I have stopped people on the street
And asked them politely
To direct me to
The old homestead
Of A. Lincoln
And they would stop
And look puzzled
And scratch their heads
And say well now I declare
I've lived here all my life
And I ought to know where that
Homestead is
It's somewhere down this way
Or maybe it's over
That way
Or maybe it's been moved
Down to Washington
And put in the
Smithsonian institute
And I would bid them good-by
And prowl up and down streets
And down alleys
And ask more people
And they wouldn't know either.

I never did find the Lincoln homestead
Until last Sunday
But now you can't miss it
We went down to Springfield
On a train called
The Lincoln Limited } *On the C. & A.*
And the menu cards
On the dining car
Were crowded full
Of pictures
Of the Lincoln homestead
And the tomb of Lincoln
And his log cabin
At New Salem
And the newest
And finest hotel
In Springfield
Is called The Abraham Lincoln
And stores and shops
And movie houses
Are named the Lincoln
And all about town
Are bronze tablets
Which tell you
That Lincoln had an office there
Or made a speech
On that corner
Or sat in front of the grocery
Which once stood there
Or on that spot stood the home
Of Ninian Wirt Edwards
Where Lincoln married
Mary Todd.

In front of the State House
Is a statue of Lincoln
Showing him without a beard
And as he appeared when he walked the streets
Of Springfield

It is a horrible statue
And if Lincoln were alive
He could sue Springfield
For criminal libel
But Springfield meant well,
They say they wanted
A statue of Lincoln
That was different
And that is what they got
It is the most different statue
In the world.
And back of the statue
Carved into the granite
Are the words of Lincoln's farewell speech
To his friends and neighbors
When he left Springfield
To be inaugurated
President of the United States
Those were his last words
In Springfield
Although
No one knew at the time
Or could they have
Thought much about it
For Archie Bowen
Who spends his days and nights
Hunting up things about Lincoln's life
In Springfield
Says that he turned back to the files
Of the two Springfield papers
The Journal and the
State Register
The day following
Lincoln's departure
And the Journal
Had a story twenty-three lines
Farewell speech and all
And the State Register
Printed about the
Same.
But now
Everywhere you go in Springfield
You hear the word
Lincoln
And the streets are full of
Pilgrims
To the new Mecca.
First came fifteen hundred children
From Shenandoah Iowa
Then children and grownups
From other towns and from
Every corner of the country
Just within the last year
One hundred and seventy-five thousand
Pilgrims have come to stand
In homage before the tomb
Of Lincoln
And you can ask any man
Or woman or child
That lives in Springfield
Where the Lincoln homestead is
Or where Lincoln & Herndon
Had their law office
And they smile
And take you by the arm and
Tell you stories about Lincoln
And show you all around
And give you a cigar
And try to find out
What you want for Christmas
While not many years ago
If you asked a man in Springfield
To tell you about Lincoln
He either didn't know or from
The expression on his face
You could readily observe
That you were giving him
A pain.
But now, it's all changed
And a wonderful thing has happened
Abraham Lincoln has reached
The highest pinnacle of fame
His old home town
Has discovered
That he was a great man.

Anon
HIS OLD HOME
TOWN
"Down in Spring-
field"

Chicago Daily Tribune.

OCTOBER 20, 1925.

R. H. L.

Markham, Edwin

Ann Rutledge

"She came like music. When she
went -"

The Ladies' Home Journal

February, 1926.

Ann Rutledge

(Lincoln's Lost Love—1835)

By EDWIN MARKHAM

SHE came like music. When she went
A silence fell upon the man.
Death took the sun away with her—
Ann Rutledge—deathless Ann.

She left upon his life a light,
A music sounding through his years,
A spirit singing through his toils,
A memory in his tears.

She was the dream within his dream;
And when she turned and went away,
She took the romance from the night,
The rapture from the day.

But from her beauty and her doom
A man rose merciful and just;
And a great People still can feel
The passion of her dust.

Anonymous

The Child's Lincoln

"Some great men that I'm told
about -"

Primary Education - Popular Educator.

February, 1928.

The Child's Lincoln

Some great men that I'm told about
Seem very faint and far,
Much like a hazy peak
Or like a distant star.

I can't imagine how they'd act,
Or what they'd do or say
If they, perchance, should happen by
While I was at my play.

But when they tell of Lincoln dear,
And all his deeds so grand,
Somehow he seems so very near
I most can touch his hand.

Anonymous

The Beloved Lincoln

"How men have learned to love him
since the days -"

Zion's Herald
Feb. 8, 1928

The Beloved Lincoln

HOW men have learned to love him since
the days

When first his rude form swung within their
ken!

How all the cursings of the little men
Have vanished swiftly, like a drifting haze
When morning's splendor sets the east ablaze
And floods with glory all the misty glen!
How large he looms before us now, as when
We see great mountains from our level ways!

And this, because his greatness grew secure
As time proved fully his plain, human worth:
A heart too large to harbor any hate;
A purpose stedfast and a motive pure;
A love too broad to stop at rank or birth;
A patience trained to labor and to wait.

Primary Education- Popular Educator

February, 1929.

LINCOLN

A peaceful life—just toil and rest—
All his desire;
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

In Lincoln's Day.

In Lincoln's day
A five-mile clip was fairly gay.
Life was no runaway.

In Lincoln's hour
There were no ruddy lights to glower
At people from a tower.

In Lincoln's years
A dime would purchase two tall beers.
We had no racketeers.

In Lincoln's time
The novels never needed lime,
And poems had to rhyme.

In Lincoln's age
A "damn" would simply damn the stage.
Sex plays were not the rage.

Since Lincoln's day
We have advanced a long, long way,
I scarcely need to say.

new York Times 2-10-29

Anonymous

When I think of Lincoln

"Sometimes when I'm trying
to study --"

Primary Education - Popular Educator.

February, 1929.

WHEN I THINK OF LINCOLN

Sometimes when I'm trying to study,
I stop a moment and think,
As I look at my books and papers,
My pencils, pens and ink.

Of a boy who liked to study,
Who worked by the firelight's glow,
Doing his sums on a shovel—
His name, I am sure, you know.

When I think of the miles he would walk
For the sake of one book to read,
And then think how many books I have,
I feel very rich, indeed.

Perhaps I may not be famous, but I'll
Try to be brave and true,
And do the very best I can—just as
He used to do.

Anonymous

Little Boy Abe

"Little boy Abe first saw
the light --"

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

Little Boy Abe

Little Boy Abe first saw the light
In a rude log cabin small,
But he grew to be strong and cheerful and bright,
Though timid and awkward and tall.

Little Boy Abe's homespun clothing was plain,
But his wit was keen and bright;
He never was known to fight in vain
For what he thought was right.

Little Boy Abe's road was very rough,
And he split fence rails each day,
But through hard study and toil enough,
He paved a successful way.

Little Boy Abe grew into a man,
And his deeds were so noble and wise
That he was made President of our land,
And answered Liberty's cries.

Little Boy Abe set all the slaves free,
Then was killed by a traitor's hand,
And now his memory will always be
Revered throughout the land.

Anonymous

Abraham Lincoln

"In the woods, in a little
cabin -"

Primary Education-Popular Educator

February, 1929.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

(Recitation: "The Little Baby")

In the woods, in a little cabin
Built of logs and clay,
With a queer stick-chimney outside,
A baby was born one day.

And the mother bending o'er him,
As she rocked his cradle slowly,
Never dreamed that a future President
Lay in that cradle lowly.

Never dreamed that little Abraham
Would one day speak so well
That people would crowd to hear him,
And like his stories to tell.

He lived to be great and honored,
To do many a noble deed,
And serve his country nobly
In her time of need.

Primary Education - Popular Educator

February, 1929.

Questions and Poems for Lincoln's Birthday

(Continued from page 444)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

If anyone hath doubt or fear
That this is freedom's chosen clime—
That God hath sown and planted here
The richest harvest field of Time—
Let him take heart, throw off his fears,
As he looks back a hundred years.

Cities and fields and wealth untold,
With equal rights before the law;
And, better than all lands and gold—
Such as the old world never saw—
Freedom and peace, the right to be—
And honor to those who made us free.

Our greatness did not happen so;
We owe it not to chance or fate;
In furnace heat, by blow on blow,
Were forged the things that make us great;
And men still live who bore the heat,
And felt those deadly hammers beat.

Not in the pampered courts of kings,
Not in the homes that rich men keep,
God calls His Davids with their slings,
Or wakes His Samuels from their sleep;
But from the homes of toil and need
Calls those who serve as well as lead.

Such was the hero of our race;
Skilled in the school of common things;
He felt the sweat of Labor's face,
He knew the pinch of want, the stings
The bondsman felt, and all the wrong
The weak had suffered from the strong.

God passed the waiting centuries by,
And kept him for our time of need—
To lead us with his courage high—
To make our country free indeed;
Then, that he be by none surpassed,
God crowned him martyr at the last.

Anonymous

Ann Rutledge—deathless Ann.

She left upon his life a light,
A music sounding through his years,
A spirit singing through his toils
A memory in his tears.

She was the dream within his dream;
And when she turned and went away,
She took the romance from the night,
The rapture from the day.

But from her beauty and her doom,
A man rose merciful and just;
And a great People still can feel
The passion of her dust.

FEBRUARY, 1931

Whims

Abraham Lincoln

When'er we think of Lincoln
'Tis with a kindly thought
For we know that his active life
With noblest deeds was fraught.

He never was too busy
To lend a helping hand
And that's the reason he's revered
By all throughout the land.

Chloe Sullivan 2-12-31

Jan 21-1863
Oregon Pioneer Bulletin
Abraham Lincoln

The prairies to the mountains call,
The mountains to the sea;
From shore to shore and nation keeps
Her martyr's memory.

Though lowly born, the seal of God
Was in that rugged face;
Still from the lowly Nazareths come
come

The saviors of the race.

With patient heart and vision clear
He wrought through trying days,
"Malice toward none, with love for
all,"

Unswerved by blame or praise.

And when the morn of Peace broke
through

The battle's cloud and din,
He hailed with joy the promised land
He might not enter in.

He seemed as set by God apart,
The winepress stood alone;
How stands he forth an uncrowned
king,

A people's heart his throne.

Land of our loyal love and hope,
O land he died to save

Bow down, renew today thy vows
Beside his martyr grave!

Anonymous

LINCOLN

"From dim backwaters on a new
frontier"

Whims

Lincoln

From dim backwaters on a new
frontier,
He must have heard the far and
silver call
Of Glory's trumpet, saw a burning
year,
And wild alarm along a seaboard
wall.

He must have heard the overtones
of Fate,
That held the bugle's scream and
moan of shell;
A master hand to guide the Ship
of State—
Who could have served the nation
half as well?

Phila Ledger 2-12-34

NITOR, Grandview, Indiana, June 14, 1934.

THE HISTORIAN'S WISH

"Backward, turn backward, O Time,
in thy flight,"

And give us the Lincolns just a short
time,

So we may quiz them and straighten
a plight

In matters of Hoosier history fine.

Pray let us talk to Nancy, Tom and
Abe,

And leave not out Sarah, who died
so young,

And of their neighbors, let all tell
and aid

In setting aright this history crumb.

They lived here among us such a
short time—

Yet tragedy came and set them
apart

As Abe's formative years were set
in line

To fit him for greatness—quite a fine
start.

Oh, tell us of many things (faithful,
true)

That are matters of question, jumbled,
too,

About yourselves as you lived here;
construe

Our interpretations—to facts renew!

Tell us how you came, where Abe
went to school,

Of Sarah's courtship, Aaron's training,
too,

Of Tom's trading bent, and of Nancy's
rule,

And tell us, please, of their church
members few.

So many features of your Hoosier
life

We would like to have from your lips,
now closed,

And quiet local historical strife—
Give to posterity the facts disclosed.

—C. T. B., May 27, 1934.

Here is another version that some
think is better, but the author does
not give consent to use of name:

"Backward, turn backward, O Time
in thy flight."

With the Lincolns a short time we'd
be;

Matters of history we'd straighten
up right

And print them so all folks could see.

Now Nancy and Tom and son Abraham,
and Sarah who died in her youth

We'd question and thus our intellects
cram

Quite full of historical truth.

They lived here among us just a short
time—

Yet tragedy came to them here,
For Nancy was called to regions sublime

To live with her Saviour, so dear.

The formative years of Abraham
though,

We're sure were spent in our land.

And of these years we are praying
to know,

Main facts we would gather in hand.

About several things folks argue a
lot;

There are some who say, "They lived
here,"

While others will say, "No, that's
not the spot,"

And some folks will just say, "Oh,
dear."

And then the place where the river
you crossed,

We would like to have from your lips;
What shame that the evidence e'er

was lost,
So, from you we'd get the right tips.

And we'd like to know where Abe
went to school,

Where Aaron his training obtained,
About how Nancy could "lay down

the rule;"

And how Sarah's lovers she gained.

We'd like to know of the trading Tom
did,

And the place where you worshiped,
too;

Remove the curtain where all this
is hid

And reveal these facts to our view.

Abraham Lincoln

ABRAM LINCOLN won the title of Great Emancipator.

He issued one of the great documents of history.
He is the central figure in the history of the United States.
His father and mother had pioneered into the Middle West.
The child was born in a cabin in Kentucky on Feb. 12, 1809.
For many years he wore rough clothes and slept on leaves.
But he grew up loving the beautiful life of the open country.
He was seven when a man started a school in the neighborhood.
Little Abe craved for learning; his alertness burst forth:
One day the word "defied" had to be spelled aloud in class.
The girl whose turn it was began: "d—e—f—" and hesitated.
Abe pointed to his eye, she took the hint and was saved.

BUT to the boy's distress, schooldays soon came to an end.

He had to chop more wood and to handle more hay.
On Sundays he tramped many miles to find a book to read.
He was 17 when he had his first glimpse of the social world:
He attended the trial of a man and heard a speech at court.
From that time on, he practiced speech-making by himself.
At 18 he built a raft and took some products down the river.
A call came for volunteers to repel Indians; he enlisted.
His interesting tales enchanted the men by the campfire.
But when they urged him to drink liquor he always refused.
At New Orleans, Lincoln witnessed the horrors of slavery.
If ever a chance comes I will hit it hard, he declared.
He was ignorant of land-surveying when he was offered such work.
However, he went at it with a book, a compass, and a chain.

LINCOLN encountered a great many disappointments at times.

But he regarded failures as stepping-stones to success.
He believed that opportunities came to those ready for them:
He worked more, he improved himself, and they did come.
As he knew the country well, he was appointed a postmaster.
When he completed the study of law he was admitted to the Bar.
And a few years later he was elected a member of Congress.
The question of slavery had now become more and more acute.
Seven million persons denied that "all men are created equal."
Furthermore, they insisted on their right to leave the Union.
We can't go out of the Union, and you shan't, said Abraham.
Then life gave him the occasion to fulfill his one dream.

IN 1860 he found himself President of the United States.

And in 1862 he issued his "Emancipation Proclamation."
This document gave freedom to nearly four million persons.
Lincoln could not save the nation from the sufferings of war.
However, when it came to a close he had kept his promise.
Slavery was definitely abolished and the Union was saved.
In 1864 the country elected him President a second time.
But a few months later, an assassin shot the beloved hero.
Probably no single bullet ever wounded so many hearts.
Lincoln has left these immortal words for all: *Let us highly
resolve that . . . government of the people, by the
people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*

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Christian Science Publishing Society 1936

Children's Calendar of Verse



MAY 4, 1865, ABRAHAM LINCOLN BURIED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE townsfolk called him "Honest
Abe,"

And spoke the name with pride,
Recalling early tales of him,
When their great hero died.

"Do you remember," one man said,

"How gentle, kind and wise
Our neighbor Abe in every act
Appeared in all men's eyes?"

His creed was charity toward all,
And malice shown to none;
The fight for man's equality
His noble heart has won.

Stule Eugene 5-4-37

Children's Calendar of Verse



MAY 16, 1860—NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, WHICH
NOMINATED ABRAHAM LINCOLN, MET IN CHICAGO

THE streets were filled with people,
Excitement, there, ran high;
The time for an election
Of President was nigh.

Within Chicago's "Wigwam"
The speeches lasted long,
While in the streets there mingled
The voices of the throng.

The names of candidates, in turn,
Were viewed, and then rejected,
Till Lincoln's was received with
cheers
And, by acclaim, selected.

The Party, wiser than it knew,
Inscribed on history's pages
A name that lives for truth and right
For all men, through all ages.

Walter S. ...

5-16-31

Flint Public Schools

Flint, Michigan

Lowell Junior High School
February 10, 1939

Dr. Louis A. Warren
Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Dr. Warren:

Mr. Milton Pollock, who represents "Lincoln National" in Flint, has told me of your interest and studies about the life of Abraham Lincoln.

As a youngster of eleven or so years (30 years ago), there appeared in a publication that we received in Delta County, Colorado, a poem on Abe Lincoln. The purpose of this letter is an effort to find the poem, only a part of which I remember and some of which follows:

"Abe Lincoln? Wal I reckon--
Not a mile from where we be
Right here in Springfield Illinois
He used to room with me.

"Old Abe and I were cronies then.
I'll not forget it soon-
I'll not forget those happy days
We used to sort o' batch,
Together in a little room
That didn't have no latch

"How we'd keep the fellers out
That used to come to stay
And hear those dasted funny things
Abe Lincoln used to say."
Etc, etc, etc.

I shall deeply appreciate any advice that you can give me as to where I may find a copy of the poem or where I may inquire further.

Thanks for considering this request.

Very truly yours,



Richard Todd Boyd, Principal

RTB:MLJ

THE LINCOLN PENNY

Not on the golden eagle do we see
Lincoln's face,
Not on the shining silver, the dear
loved features trace
But on the lowly copper, that
humble coin instead
Was given the high honor of
bearing Lincoln's head.

The man of many millions, that
image may not grasp
But childhood's chubby fingers,
that penny oft will clasp.
The poor man will esteem it, and
mothers hold it dear,
The plain, the common people, Lin-
coln loved when he was here.
Unknown.

James 2/12/29

WESLEY CHAPEL

The Wesley Chapel Home Economics Club met at the home of Mrs. Steve Poehlein, February 11, with an all day meeting, having 100% attendance and one vsitor, Mrs. Jonh Balbach. Roll call was answered by a poem or saying of Lincoln or Washington. One poem was on Lincoln's Mother which was written by one of our members as follows:

She had none of the things we
call modern,

No finery with which herself to
adorn,

But her heart and soul felt a
great richness,

When her son was born.

She taught him the things that
are noble an true,

And helpd him build a character
fine and strong,

That later would rise up this
nation to bless,

And free it of a thing that was
wrong.

Declaratory of the Republic

Lincoln listened to a song that wafted through a window one summer evening in Springfield. He asked the singer for the words and she wrote them out for him. On the envelope which contained them he wrote, "Poem—I like this." The first of the four stanzas read:

Tell me, ye winged winds
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant vale,
Some valley in the west,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper
low,
And sighed for pity as it answered,
No.

It was said of Lincoln that he was not religious, but we think he was. He was a deep thinker, an original thinker and a clear reasoner. He evolved his own religion and to him it was a serious matter.

It would not have hurt Lincoln to be affiliated with a church, and he never would have missed the necessary time it would take him, but he did not need it as the most of us do.

Leonard Volk, the sculptor, made a bust of Lincoln after he had been nominated for president, and he went to Volk's studio in Chicago every day for a week.

One Sunday morning Lincoln was invited to go to church but went to the studio instead. He said to Volk, "The fact is I don't like to hear cut and dried sermons. When I hear a man preach I like to see him act as if he were fighting bees."

6/26/41

2/12/42
CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER, 7

Help Us, Lincoln, to Rise Above Bad News

We have sore need today, Abraham Lincoln, for those qualities
Which set you apart—which made you a man of the ages,
For the measure of your greatness was not computed
When events were moving smoothly, and friends were many,
But in those weary days when you stood alone, almost deserted,
Carrying the weight of a nation on bowed shoulders.

We particularly need those qualities you showed when the news
was bad,

When Fremont issued impossible orders in the west,
When Pope failed in the Second Battle of Bull Run,
When McClellan failed to pursue Lee after Antietam,
When Burnside failed at Fredericksburg,
When Hooker failed at Chancellorsville,
And you stood there, tall and muscular and ungainly,
Poring over books on military strategy and scanning maps,
Issuing army orders, outlining new campaigns,
Hoping to get the killing over so that men
Could return once more to the sweet paths of peace.

During the first six weeks of the Battle of the Wilderness
You scarcely slept at all, and your eyes were bleak,
And humiliation came to you in bitter doses

As it has come to us today—and may continue to come.

But you were stalwart. Never in darkest days

Did you give up your faith that, once more united,

The several states of our country should face the future
Shoulder to shoulder, aye, and heart to heart.

What were those mystic qualities, Abraham Lincoln,
Born humbly on the Sinking Spring Farm in Kentucky,
That gave to your actions immortality?

"Your unaffected kindness," they recount, "your poise, your
humor,

"Your largeness of soul, your fairness towards opponents

"Your refusal to lose your temper, your rocklike steadiness,

"Your ability to maintain that well-tempered morale

"Which is so indispensable in a desperate war."

These things, they say, made Abraham Lincoln great.

Clay Whig in a Democratic body—circuit-riding lawyer,

With a battered stovepipe hat, crammed full with papers—

Captain in the Black Hawk War, and well acquainted

With the Bible, Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress,

Aesop's Fables and Weems' Life of Washington—

Who dedicated a battleground so beautifully

That the poignance of that dedication shall never die,

And all future dedications shall seem less than his.

In that celestial sphere in which you move

Pray for us today, Abraham Lincoln,

That we, too, may develop faith and steadiness

And the heart to take bad news and to rise above it

And, as you did, Great Soul, to see it through!

Salt Lake Tribune

February 12, 1942

Lincoln Anniversary Brings Honors

In a world made sorry and bedraggled by an abundance of all the things he opposed

—greed, rule by the sword, lust for power, cynicism and war—millions of persons today, Thursday, will celebrate the

133rd anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln.

Here in Salt Lake City many ceremonies are planned. Chief among them will be an entertaining program the Daughters of the American Revolution, Spirit of Liberty chapter, will give at 2 p. m. at the Art Barn. Teaming up with the Lincoln program will be current defense topics, with a music and tea hour rounding out the afternoon.

* * *

Miss Edith L. Wire has chosen the Lincoln birth date as a fitting time to complete organization of a local chapter to the National Society of Daughters of Founders and Patriots of America. Charter members will be honored by her at a luncheon this Thursday afternoon at the Hotel Utah.

* * *

The holiday will be observed by members of the Bethlehem Shrine, No. 1, White Shrine of Jerusalem with a bridge luncheon, starting at 1 p. m. Mrs. D. H. (Cornelia) McGarry, chairman of the ways and means committee, will be in charge. Mrs. Lloyd W. (Naomi) Hoskins and Mrs. Reed I. (Nannie) Ross formed the reservations committee.

American Miracle . . .

He was born in bitter poverty.

He had almost no formal schooling and was a day laborer most of his young manhood.

He was so ugly and awkward that all his life this fact set him apart.

He suffered acutely from melancholia and for awhile some people actually thought he was insane.

He wrote some of the trashiest doggerel ever committed by any man.

He was often unkempt and sweaty and his clothing never fitted him.

His wife was so jealous that she screamed and made a scene when she found him with another woman, even in company.

His children were spoiled and brattish.

He was hated and despised by a large minority of his countrymen.

He was condescended to, scolded and railed at by its intelligentsia.

He was murdered by a man who believed that the deed was a service to the country.

The news of his death caused such world-wide sorrow as has never been matched in man's history, and within a few years he was generally acknowledged to have been the greatest man, the finest human being ever born of the Anglo-Saxon strain. And so he was.

HIS NAME WAS ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Q. What was the major prize award of the magazine Poetry, published first in 1912 in Chicago?

A. The Helen Haire Levinson prize.

Q. How many Illinois poets have won this prize?

A. Eight.

Q. Who are these eight poets?

A. Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, Cloyd Head, Lew Sarett, Margery Allen Seiffert, Mark Turbyfill, and Maurice Lese-mann.

Q. In what periodical was Edgar Lee Masters' Illinois epitaphs first published?

A. Spoon River Anthology was first published in William Marion Reedy's Mirror in St. Louis.

Q. What poem of Vachel Land-say's concerns Lincoln and the city of Springfield?

A. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight."

Q. What poem of Lindsay's cele-brates an Illinois Governor?

A. "Eagle Forgotten." The for-gotten eagle is John Peter Altgeld.

Q. Where and when was Carl Sandburg born?

A. Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878.

Q. When did Sandburg write "Chicago Poems"?

A. In 1915, when he was on the staff of the Chicago Daily News.

Q. When was Sandburg's monu-mental biography of Lincoln begun?

A. In 1916 when he began Abra-ham Lincoln: The Prairie Years.

Q. What is the name of the sub-sequent volumes which complete the Lincoln biography by Sandburg?

A. Abraham Lincoln: The War Years.

130 Poetry tel
1, 1943
no 462

Lincoln
2/12/45

THE L

A Failure

(From Atlanta "Think Tank")

Lincoln:

Failed, in business, 1831; 1832.

Failed in business again, 1833.

Elected to legislature, 1834.

Sweetheart died, 1835.

Nervous breakdown, 1836.

Defeated for speaker, 1838.

Defeated for elector, 1840.

Defeated for land officer, 1843.

Defeated for congress, 1843.

Elected to congress, 1846.

Defeated for reelection, 1848.

Defeated for senate, 1855.

Defeated for vice president, 1856.

Defeated for senate, 1858.

Elected president, 1860.

And though he was assassinated he has never really died, for he lives on, growing in stature, with even the southerners who hated him quoting his wise words to guide this generation.

Anon
from Almanac 1869

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"The brave, the wise, the good"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

I am sending you a copy of a poem,
"Abraham Lincoln," from an Almanac of 1869. I thought it might be interesting at this time to some of your readers.

"The brave, the wise, the good.
Ambitious without vanity,
Discreet without fear,
Confident without rashness.
In disaster, calm, in success moderate.

In all things upright and true,
The hero! the patriot! the statesman!

The guiding star of the people!
The friend of the oppressed!
The deliverer of the bondsmen.
A victim to slavery.

A martyr in the cause of human liberty.

He died that his country might be free.

A grateful nation honors his name.
Perpetuate his principles and
Remember his virtues."

MRS. MARY C. DICKINSON
Havertown, Feb. 10.

LINCOLN'S CREED

To the Editor of The Inquirer:

As I would not want to be a slave
so I would not want to be a master,
was Lincoln's creed of democracy. In
a world beset with full and half
grown dictators the reflection of
those words beam untold sunshine
in the midst of surrounding darkness.

As long as people live, dream, and
have faith in the spirit which the
Great Emancipator expressed, humanity
may cherish the hope for a better future.

ELY MOSKOWITZ
Mt. Carmel, Pa., Feb. 10.

Let's Keep His Spirit With Us



His body woke in a rough log room
And marched to a noble goal
His body sleeps in a marble tomb
But stone can't halt his soul

As long as freedom, honor, right—
Those things for which he died—
Remain to keep this country bright,
His soul is at our side

See 'The American Story,' School Age Corner

2-12-48

UTICA OBSERVER-DISPATCH

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI

UNIVERSITY, MISSISSIPPI

Aug. 21, 1950

THE LIBRARY

Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gentlemen:

I have been told that you might be able to give us some help in identifying a poem on Lincoln.

The enclosed poem was turned over to us by a teacher who had asked her children to compose an original poem on Lincoln, and she had reason to think that the student who turned in the poem could not have written such a creditable selection. We have been unable to identify it in any of our reference books, and I have tried several other sources without getting any help. If it is not without the scope of your activities to check for the identity of the author, we would greatly appreciate having you do so.

Thank you.

Yours truly,

Mahala Saville

Mahala Saville

Reference Librarian

LINCOLN NATIONAL
MAIL DEPARTMENT

Referred to _____

REC'D AUG 24 1950 G

Answered _____

LIFE INSURANCE CO

LINCOLN

He walked among us and we passed him
by
And thought him but country lawyer, crude
As our red prairies are, and more than rude
Who reveled in his jokes and deviltry.

We could not know the heart within that
breast
Until the blood flowed freely from the
wound
A madman made; then was it that we found
That God had loaned us for a time His Best?

And now the nations, since their kings are
gone,
Have taken him across the wide-flung sea
To rule their hearts as well as ours; to be
The gold of their desires, with breaking down.

Lincoln's Portrait

Author Unknown

"Not on the eagle golden shall
we behold his face

Not yet on gleaming silver the
honored features trace;

But to the common copper, the
lowly coin instead,

Is given the distinction of bear-
ing Lincoln's head.

The millionaire may seldom its
noble outlines grasp,

But childhood's chubby fingers
the image oft will clasp;

The poor man will esteem it and
mothers hold it dear—

The plain and common people he
loved when he was here!"

Sent in by Laurel of
Harmony Hill



GREAT CRY BUT LITTLE WOOL.

Oh dearest, wise your help I ask,
Though mine is but a scurvy task;
Yet I as a true votary pray
That you will teach me what to say,
Hatred and venom here I carry,
Which many wrongs do justify,
To be severe is now, but just,
Behold the emblem of lust:
Here you may see these traitors all
Meeting in treacherous cabal,
Which they as "*colored meeting*" call

Enthroned in obsequy Abe Lincoln sits,
And with his weighty axe a rail he splits
But sets at naught all rights and laws,
By the mere opening of his catfish jaws.

Near him stands Chase that vile old reprobate,
Who calls for blood, and whom but blood will sate
Chase who says that soon he hopes
All Southrons will stretch Northern ropes.

Next Cameron the monarch's pet arch fiend,
Who early on Jeff's shoulder once had leaned;
Now hear him turn his traitorous breath,
And deem that hero to the death:
On that great day what will he tell his mother,
When her stern shade shall say "Simon where is
thy brother?"

Then Blair, the ravening, raging wolflike Blain,
With looks demonic and with frenzied air:
Degenerate son of Maryland sits scowling there,
Such rage the wolf's wild heart and eyes portend;
Robbed (as he deems) unjustly of his prey;
Still let him rage and grind his teeth for aye
Until the outraged world doth bid him die.

There's Wells, a pettifogger in his trade;
Of whom a Secretary has been made,
To rule the waters, through the ships;

Which Uncle Abe, 'gainst the Southron slips,
A man as justly fitted to the station,
As Abe, to rule the Southern nation!

Now come we to Interior Smith, but why not
Jones?

'Twould rhyme much better with the awful groans
Which since this Black Administration,
Have spread like wildfire, through the nation

But what comes now? What ghastly image
Is this, which imitates the fowl hyena's grimace,
rage?

Astonished, horrified, disgusted, soon away we
turn,

And from a smiling *contraband* we learn
That this is Wildcat Seward, of New York the
pride,
Whose crimes no perjury could ever hide.

Last Winfield Scott is on our list,
But gout has made him drop his fist:
For fuss and feathers only famous.
He thinks by proxy he can tame us,
Whenever Lincoln's at a loss.
He quickly bies him to the Boss,
For so he calls this prince of leaders.
This deadly foe of all seceders;
A sneaking traitorous hypocrite,
Who 'gainst his native South would fight.
If he from his chair should dare to move,
His foot for his feathers might not strong enough
prove.

Enough of these we'll let them slide,
Though o'er our rights they now do boldly ride
Our pen full weary is, but must not stop,
Till we these patriots (?) force to shut up shop.

BALTIMORE, July 2, 1861.

N. G. R.

Wayde Chrismer
BOX 371, 219 WEST HALL STREET
BEL AIR, MD. 21014
(301) 838-3288-879-9288

ack
10/13/69

Mr. R. Gerald McMurtry
The Lincoln National Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

October 8, 1969

Dear Mr. McMurtry --

I am pleased that my information about Lincoln's visit to Rockville, Md., in August of 1861 was of interest to you and I thank you for your kind letter of September 2, 1969, about it.

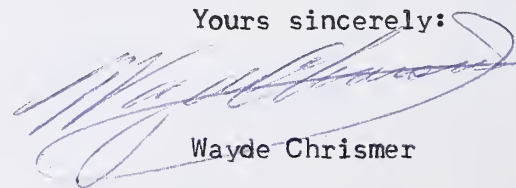
I am enclosing a photocopy of an original broadside in my collection of Civil War memorabilia which may also be of some help, presuming that you may not already possess a copy. I thought little of the item myself until I learned that on September 11, 1969, at Swann Galleries, New York, "a national institution" (which I take to be the Library of Congress) paid \$70.00 for another original copy of it.

Your own Foundation may, of course, have been the "national institution" which bought the copy, in which case I have troubled you unnecessarily, and beg your pardon.

Whose are the initials "N. G. R." appearing on my copy I have no idea. They appear to be in a contemporary print and may be those of the author.

LINCOLN LORE continues to be a source of much interest and I thank you again for sending me my monthly copy.

Yours sincerely:



Wayde Chrismer

P. S. -- I speculate (but cannot know surely) that the cartoon embellishing the broadside is by Adalbert Volk the Baltimore dentist-cartoonist whose work must be familiar to you.

Ann Landers

By ANN LANDERS
© Field Newspapers Inc.

Dear Ann Landers: Every now and then you publish something inspirational written by another. I hope you will find my contribution acceptable. It is a gesture of gratitude for all the words of wisdom, as well as the fun I have received from your column these past 20 years. The source — a United Technologies message as published in the Wall Street Journal. — Corning, N.Y.

Dear Corning: Thank you so much. Here it is — along with my thank.

This will make you feel better

If you sometimes
get discouraged,
consider this fellow:
He dropped out
of grade school.
Ran a country store.
Went broke.
Took 15 years
to pay off his bills.
Took a wife.
Unhappy marriage.
Ran for the House.
Lost twice.
Ran for the Senate.
Lost twice.
Delivered speech
that became a classic.
Audience indifferent.
Attacked daily
by the press
and despised

by half the country.
Despite all this,
imagine
how many people
all over the world
have been inspired
by this awkward,
ruffled, brooding man
who signed his name
simply

A. Lincoln

Dear Ann Landers: Recently someone heard Cary Grant say, "Old age is when you know all the answers but nobody asks you the questions." Comment, please. — Fred From Fullerton

Dear Fred: When the day comes that no one asks Cary Grant "the questions," cash in your chips, Buster. It's all over for everybody.

CONFIDENTIAL to Had a Bellyful in Montana: I don't blame you. Anyone who is old enough to read should have the privilege of opening his own mail. Parents who want the respect of their children should show THEM respect.

(A no-nonsense approach to how to deal with life's most difficult and most rewarding arrangement. Ann Landers's booklet, "Marriage — What to Expect," will prepare you for better or for worse. Send your request to Ann Landers, in care of The Journal-Gazette, 600 W. Main St., Fort Wayne, Ind. 46802, enclosing 50 cents and a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope.)



